ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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Sheriff Harvey Riots in the Streets

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Justiceburger

by Tim Wheeler

WASHINGTON, D.C.–Chief Justice designate Warren E. Burger sailed smoothly through Senate confirmation hearings June 3, but outside the hearing room, the people voiced sharp opposition to his appointment.

The Senate Judiciary Committee headed by Sen. James O. Eastland [D-Miss.] voted unanimously to confirm.

Reises Lopex Tijerina, leader of the Mexican-American people of New Mexico, stood at the hearing room door with a warrant for Burger's arrest in his hand. One hundred other excluded citizens crowded around him.

"I am trying to make a citizen arrest of Burger for conspiracy to violate the rights of the poor–for actual violation of their rights," he said.

"Mr. Eastland, the chairman of the commitee, was expecting me. They are aware of how powerful the laws of citizen's arrest are. They are helping Burger evade this arrest."

Reinforced detachments of Capitol police blocked the doorway.

Inside, Sen. John McClellan [D-Ark.] praised Burger for his get-tough law-and-order "philosophy." A mob of attorneys hogged all the seats. Not one senator challenged Burger's record as a McCarthyite witch-hunter who led the anti-communist persecution of Yale professor John P. Peters in 1955.

The judiciary committee, dominated by Southern Dixiecrats, is preparing a new internal security bill S-12, aimed at resurrecting the McCarran Act. Burger will be in a position to reverse the anti-McCarran decisions of the Warren Court.

Warning of this danger, Tijerina read to newsmen a long list of Burger's decisions as a member of the U. S. Court of Appeals in Washington:

In Smuck vs Hobson [1969] Burger voted on U.S. Court of Appeals to uphold school segregation.

In Kennedy vs Secy of Navy [1968], Burger voted to uphold firing of Kennedy for alleged attendance at Communist Party meetings.

In Kent vs. U.S., Burger dissented in a decision to extent the "right of due process to juveniles at all stages of court proceedings."

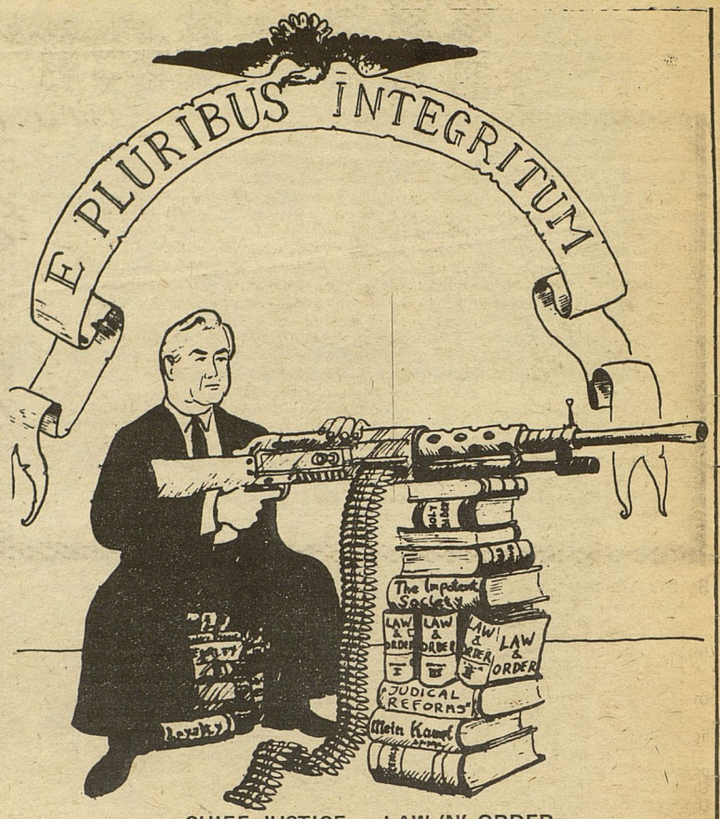
In Herman-Harris vs. U.S. [1968], Burger voted that "technical violations" by the police are not grounds for over-ruling convictions.

In Cawood vs. Udall, Burger "wrote a violent dissent against the right to demonstrate." Tijerina stated.

Tijerina said, "Why won't Congress allow us to make this peaceful arrest? We are a minority. We are the victims of his decisions."

The warrant charges Burger with "engaging in a conspiracy to create illegal vacancies on the Supreme Court of the U.S. and to pack said august court against the civil rights and liberties of the poor, the minority and the oppressed citizens of the U.S."

The committee not only ignored Tijerina but also syndicated writer Drew Pearson, who charged in his column that Nixon and Burger were allied in "which-hunting when Nixon was a rooting'-tootin' member of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee backing up Sen. Joe McCarthy and, in some cases, ahead of him. Warren Burger at that time was his [Nixon's] chief operator in the Justice Department."



CHIEF JUSTICE – LAW 'N' ORDER

'Thank You, You Have Just Convicted Jesus Christ'

by Marc Stickgold
Special to the Argus

MILWAUKEE–The Milwaukee 14, who last September 24 burned thousands of draft files in a small Milwaukee park across from the draft boards, originally faced 18 years in jail on state charges of arson, burglary and theft, and 13 additional years in jail on federal charges of conspiracy, interference with the draft, and destruction of government property. It is now all over, and instead of 31 years, the twelve were sentenced on June 6 to two years on the three state charges, and on June 11, the federal judge DISMISSED all three federal charges because he couldn't find twelve people for the jury in the entire area who hadn't formed an opinion on the case.

After a two week State trial, which the twelve defendants conducted themselves [two of the 14 are being tried separately], they were convicted in the Milwaukee County Circuit Court. But the Trial had been an extraordinary experiment in political defense and lay advocacy. The 12 at all times admitted that they had taken and burned the draft records. They spent the entire trial saying why, and that "why" included putting the United States government on trial. There was testimony on the illegality and immorality of the War in Vietnam; the racism and horror of the draft; civil disobedience; and the corruptness of the judicial system.

The defendants controlled the courtroom. On numerous occasions they told the judge he was incompetent; that he should resign. They so badgered the two prosecutors that at one point one of them rose and screamed, "I can't take it any more! They make it look like I'm the bad guy–like I think the war and poverty are irrelevant."

The jury, out a little over an hour, convicted them on all three counts, however. To overcome the fear of "law" instilled in these people is very difficult. They could not rise to the occasion. When the verdict was announced, bedlam broke loose in the courtroom. One man rose to demand that he be jailed with the defendants. Another then rose and said, "Thank you. You have just convicted Jesus Christ again!" People began to shout and sing. They surged up to the defendants. People were crying. The judge, totally out of control of the situation, ordered the courtroom cleared. But no one would go. Over a hundred people had to be dragged from the courtroom. Some were dragged before the judge to be cited for contempt. The wives of the defendants stood with them and refused to leave. The judge was visibly shaken. "My goodness. My goodness. I've got to have more policemen. Things are getting out of hand. Oh, my God!"

The sentencing was postponed until June 6. The matter was transferred to the smallest courtroom in the building in an attempt to prevent another supportive action as occurred on the day of the verdict. So instead, the halls of the courthouse were filled with hundreds of supporters [and plain clothes pigs], who began to get anxious as the proceedings dragged on, and there was no word from inside the courtroom. The Milwaukee Black Panthers were there in support. When one of them tried to rally the crowd, sheriff's deputies moved in and dragged him off. The people began chanting, "Power to the People! Power to the people!" and surged in on the pigs. A second speaker was arrested, and a serious confrontation was averted only when Michael Cullen, one of the 14 who is being tried separately, urged the crowd not to try to fight the cops on their own turf, saying it was stupid, and "not in the spirit of the Fourteen."

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Hitler Lives

BULLETIN—As Argus was going to press Thursday morning, at least thirty more people were arrested upon South University street following the invasion of four hundred police, many of them brandishing fixed bayonets and rifles. The mass arrests followed an evening in which nearly three hundred pigs, mostly State troopers and Washtenaw County deputies, had been stationed along South U for a five-block stretch in order to prevent the South U "street people" from regaining control of their street. Thousands of spectators had gawked and milled along the street throughout the night.

The action began at 12:45 am as two groups of two hundred police each returned to South University after leaving when apparent calm descended about eleven. Police told reporters that the force had been returned because over one-hundred people hindered traffic and gathered near Church and S.U., and ten people clustered at the corner of East and South University streets.

One body of police converged upon the two-block area from State Street while the other came from Washtenaw and South Forest. Pigs swept down sidewalks and streets crying "move on, move on", arresting close to twenty, many of them spectators. Another ten or so were jailed after pigs charged down Church street at 2 a.m. Dr. Edmund Pierce, former chairman of the Ann Arbor Democratic Party and unsuccessful mayor candidate was arrested by two Washtenaw County pigs who "dragged him about five yards with the seat of his pants on the cement."

By the Argus Tribe

Sheriff Douglas Harvey's crazed bravado in gassing and clubbing people indiscriminately Tuesday night marks him as criminally insane.

Harvey, his arm heroically in a sling from a recent racing accident, played on the hostilities of gathering crowds with threats of "busting your heads."

And he inspired his men to a murderous frenzy with a demonic half-smile half-lipsmacking laugh urging them to "eat raw meat" and "crack some skulls."

Harvey's Washtenaw County deputies moved in originally to assist Ann Arbor city police in clearing the South University street and sidewalks between Forest and East University about 9:00 Tuesday night. Street people had tried to barricade part of South U to resume Monday night's street party.

County deputies and city police flew down the street in a wedge, pincering most street people back on the sidewalks where they assumed they'd be safe. But under a siege of taunts and hurled rocks, Harvey's strong-armed razorbacks promptly battered people off the sidewalks and against the walls.

All of this was done under the guise of liberating the streets from the minority for the majority. However, once cleared, deputies, city police and the Michigan state police cordoned off a 10-block area to traffic.

Between 10:00 and 11:00 the police had ample time to withdraw their forces. A drizzling rain had started and the crowds were slim.

At one point the city police, under street command of Deputy Chief Harold Olson, did try to have. They were met with bottles and stones from the knotted crowds—and with Harvey's refusal to join the departure. So the city police stayed.

Police Chief Walter Krasny had conferred with Harvey and alerted Oakland and Monroe County units the previous night. On Tuesday night as people heard the rumors and noticed the flashing blue lights and then saw the buildup of police as the night wore on, crowds swelled to 1,000 strong at 11:00 to 2,500 at 12:30.

Harvey responded with mutual escalation, requesting Oakland and Monroe contingents to move in.

Krasny later asserted he'd been in full control through radio contact with Olson. But under questioning, he admitted Harvey acted independently of the city and state police.

Robben Fleming, University of Michigan president, talked with Olson around 11:30 on a compromise mutual withdrawal pact, to which both agreed. But just as Fleming turned around to tell the milling crowd, now on South U from the Engine Arch to the Law Quad, a semi-trailer of Monroe County regulars pulled into the police lines.

Olson and Fleming were visibly amazed. People were convinced of Olson-Fleming's impotency. Harvey had ordered them in. They were dressed in green fatigues, similar to National Guard uniforms.

About 1:00 Harvey warned Fleming he was going to charge into the people, giving them a 15-minute limit on leaving. Fleming nervously replied, "I don't think that's a good idea. Let me talk to them some more."

Harvey shouted back, "Look, my men are getting clobbered while you're talking. I heard you were a bastard but I didn't know you were this bad." Fleming then threatened to report Harvey.

"I don't give a Goddam what statement you make," Harvey foamed. "We're not playing games anymore."

Only five minutes later, touched off by a rock which felled an officer, masked police grunted their way into the crowd behind an escaping cloud of teargas, swinging clubs deliberately and cruelly.

One girl tried to hide in the bushes but was dragged out, clubbed and kicked. One cop then picked her up and threw her back into the bushes.

Groups of 15 and 20 cops isolated guys and then mercilessly beat them.

Krasny later emphasized seven of the 47 people arrested had been injured. However, reports from hospitals and neighborhood first aid stations put the total number of people injured at more than 100.

Only 15 police were treated at hospitals.

Afterwards Mayor Robert Harris, who had been in Pittsburgh until 10:30 Tuesday night, commended the police and condemned the people.

Privately, he confided his press statement was rhetorically aimed to ameliorate Harvey rather than challenge him to a test of authority where people might be consequently murdered on the streets.

Nevertheless, Harris' statement was ludicrously apologetic as well as factually inaccurate. Nor would Harris accede to suggestions for a special city council meeting to consider the use of South U by street people. Plans to turn South U into a mall has been under consideration for several years.

Harris dodged all questions on who had responsibility for street command, observing only that "this was a cooperative effort."

Harris said he had conferred with the assistant city administrator earlier Tuesday from Pittsburgh but had not talked to Harvey, Krasny, Fleming or William Delhey, county prosecutor. Fleming also said he had not communicated with anyone in the city administration or police department on specific police policies prior to Tuesday.

Delhey, Krasny and Harvey conferenced Tuesday afternoon on tactics. But once on the streets Harvey did not consult with anyone in ordering gassings on five separate occasions.

Both Harvey and the Oakland unit used "pepper gas machines"—with long hoses—which sprays a particularly high intensity into the immediate area. Harvey used the machines first on Forest driving street people further from South U after it had been cleared.

Tuesday night actually started about 8:00 when some 200 freaks moved into South U. Four police cars were cruising the street. Traffic was slow but moving.

See P. 6

State Pigs choke victim (above), and Harvey leads the charge.

Photo/Eric Pergeaux

Prisoners

Forty-seven persons were arrested in the street demonstrations on Tuesday night. Twenty-six were charged with a felony based on incitment of riot, the others were busted for "contention" a misdemeanor.

Bail was set at 1,500 cash or $5,000 assurrety [the value of property pledged] for those charged with felonies. Judge S.J. Elden set bail for the misdemeanors at $250 cash. He refused at first to set an assurrety value, but at 4:30 p.m. Wednesday he was persuaded. He went over to his desk and started signing papers. He walked out ten minutes before court closed after setting the absurd amount of 2,500 assurrety. This gave friends of the defendants no time to raise the money before court closed.

Both Judges Elden and Pieter Thomassen stated that they set high bail because the action of the defendants was riotous. They distinguished this action from the low $50 bail set in the non-violent sit-in at the County Building last September. But, one court-room observer, law student, David Goldstein said he thought the high bail was being used as a threat to people who were still in the street, and he expected that the bail would be lowered by the end of the week.

Only one defendent was able to make bail by early Thursday morning. When Mayor Robert Harris was asked about the excessive bail, he could only state that bail was an individual matter in each case based on the possibility of the defendant showing up for trial. Why then the same bail for everybody? Harris said, "I have no control over bail."

Harris must know that judges almost always ask the prosecuting attorney to recommend bail, and a phone call from Harris might have led to lower bail. If he doesn't know that, he should ask one of his criminal law professor colleagues.

Those in jail have had their hair cut. When Harris was told this he said that he was shocked, but since it happened in the county jail and done by Sheriff Harvey's deputies he claimed he could do nothing. THIS IS A LIE. If a person is illegally forced to have his hair cut, it is an assault. The county jail is within city limits. Mayor Harris can and should demand that Police Chief Krasny arrest Sheriff Harvey and those deputies responsible for this violation of the law.

Those who can should send donations to the bail fund to: Legal Self Defense, 1510 Hill Street.

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The Lesson of the Battle of the People's Park

Photo/Anne Beisantz

by Art Johnston, White Panther

Berkeley 1969

Fifty thousand people marched under the guns of death in the streets of Berkeley on Memorial Day. And under the guns of death, they were ready to lay down their lives. It had come to that. Under a full Scorpio moon on Thursday, the pigs had sworn to shoot to kill, and they brought sub-machine guns, they brought private hunting rifles—scopes and all—they had barbed wire in the streets, they had choppers and chemicals used in warfare in Vietnam.

The headlines Friday morning warned of mass suicide. The people were courageous and never more together have I seen human beings. They marched with the Quaker love of christian martyrs, and blew the Man's set away.

The scene was a Death Trip for all of us. We had been through death before, sure, on acid, in motorcycle wrecks—but here it was, our real blood, caked dry on the white flags of hope. Brother James is dead, the first white youth to die in our fight to defend our own emergent culture.

He was shot off a roof by a pig, and photographs show he was unarmed before and during the shooting.

This is the turning point. The death of Brother James marks for white youth the transition from rebellion to Revolution—the emergence of a sense of common destiny, of a common culture, value system and life style which is diametrically opposed to the material, individualistic, and corrupt values of this society.

Che Guevara wrote that the turning point in the Cuban revolution came when a brother was gunned down by police in the streets of Santiago. The people, he wrote, then poured forth on their own for the first time into the streets.

The People's Park was a fight, not for an abstract ideal, not against any Power so much as it was a fight for land, for our turf. For freedom to live as we want, without being fucked over by the totalitarian planners, the would-be programmers and conditioners of our future and our desires.

The community of Berkeley came out en masse to convert a swamp, a muddy parking lot abandoned by the University after it destroyed the fine old homes of our brothers—into a place where our long-haired children could play in the sun.

After Brother James died, I—and many others—couldn't sleep for a week, it all began to get so heavy. Yeah, we cried when Brother James died, we felt it.

But that Memorial Day, there were those among us who wanted people to die so they could vindicate their theories and play events into their own fucked up strategies for 'organizing' and 'radicalizing' the remnants of the victims.

What kind of fucked up thinking could lead them to will people death and injury merely so they could salvage out of it some 'converts' to their political sect? I say people encouraging others to actions that would have resulted in tragedy.

The vast majority of people realized that this was, indeed, the turning point, for "confrontation" could go no farther—it had gone to death, and to the threat or promise of mass murder. The unheeded few belonged to political groups that only acquired interest in the issue when it started making headlines.

Reagan miscalculated by thinking that the whole issue was being spearheaded by the same elite who 'organized' the Chicago confrontation. He thought that the radical elite were running the People's Park, and that he could destroy them with a single bloodletting that would be followed across the country, just as helicopters and maseau gas were used in North Carolina two days later.

We realized after Memorial Day that we

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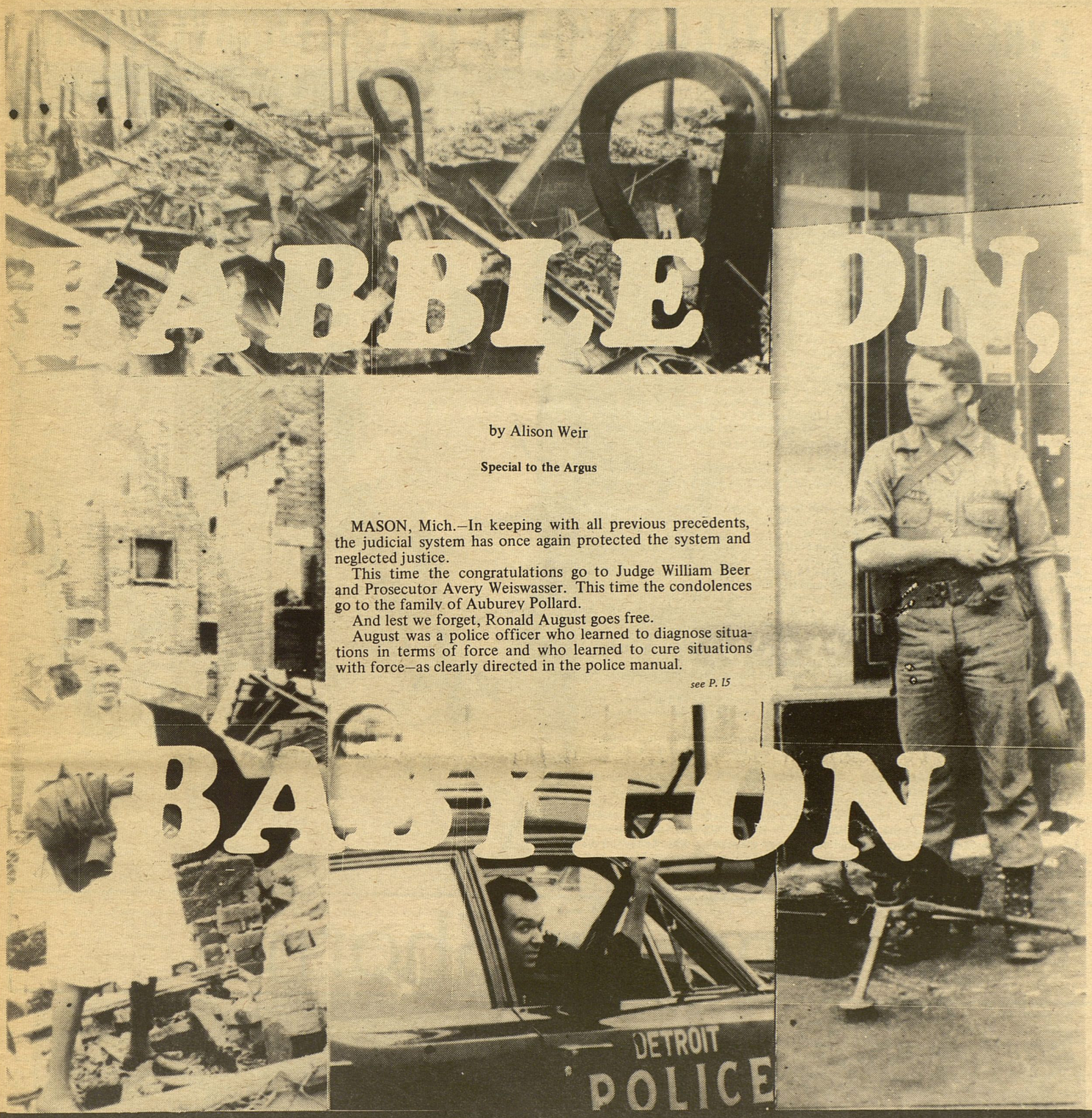

BABBLE ON, BALLOON

by Alison Weir

Special to the Argus

MASON, Mich.—In keeping with all previous precedents, the judicial system has once again protected the system and neglected justice.

This time the congratulations go to Judge William Beer and Prosecutor Avery Weiswasser. This time the condolences go to the family of Auburey Pollard.

And lest we forget, Ronald August goes free.

August was a police officer who learned to diagnose situations in terms of force and who learned to cure situations with force—as clearly directed in the police manual.

see P. 15

by David Nolan

ORANGEBURG, S.C. [LNS]—A jury of ten whites and two blacks deliberated for an hour and a half before finding nine South Carolina state troopers not guilty of interfering with the civil rights of thirty students they shot at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg last year.

The week-long trial at Florence, S.C., pitted the legal representatives of the state and national governments against each other. The U.S. Justice Dept. lawyers contended that the state troopers had fired into the crowd of black students on February 8 of last year "to summarily punish them without due process of law." They based their legal case on an 1870 Reconstruction statute which would have provided for a $1,000 fine and/or a year in prison upon conviction.

The State of South Carolina, for the defense, argued that the patrolmen had acted in self-defense, and shot back only when fired upon, clinging to the discredited "official" version of the Orangeburg Massacre. This was Gov. Robert McNair's initial justification for the killing of three students and the wounding of twenty-seven others. The students had been fighting for the integration of a bowling alley. Subsequent investigations have proved that the only shooting that was done was that of law enforcement agents. Only one policeman sustained any injury; he was hit by a piece of wood.

The state also argued, through assistant attorney general J.C. Coleman, that the black students had been whipped into a "frenzy by professional agitators whose only purpose in coming to Orangeburg to stir up trouble." Coleman claimed, "These students were the victims of one Cleveland Sellers."

Cleve, a former SNCC program secretary now teaching in the black studies program at Cornell, was the official scapegoat at Orangeburg. He was wounded during the shooting, and subsequently charged with inciting to riot, arson [a capital offense], destruction of property, and assault and battery with intent to kill. The case against him is still pending.

Federal District Judge Robert Martin, Jr., presiding over the trial, refused to let the Justice Department introduce as evidence what he called "crude" pictures of the dead students. One of the victims, Henry Smith, was shot five times, then beaten with a rifle butt and dragged down a hill.

Two days after the acquittal, the South Carolina General Assembly approved a bill prohibiting the display of firearms in schools. But it was not aimed at the cops of Orangeburg: it was a response to the armed black student takeover at Voorhees College in Denmark, S.C. No one was killed and no one was wounded in that incident.

In other business, the General Assembly voted to make Jefferson Davis' birthday a State Holiday.

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EYRECALLHARVEYRECALLHARVEYRECALLHARVEYRECA

From P. 3

City police relieved one incident by escorting a woman motorist out of South U after two girls had stretched out in front of her car. But the street people set up barricades of rubbish cans, bike racks and signs at South U intersections.

Police took down the barricades. But some kids hopped on the squad cars. Others threw rocks.

Suddenly Harvey's men were there and they formed a line across South U at Forest. The kids lined up alongside in a faceoff. Some of the kids were only 11 and 12 years old. Many thought the police would only keep them from spreading onto other streets and that South U would be theirs again for a street party.

That idea was quickly dispelled at 9:00 by the advancing wedge which moved on simultaneous orders from Olson and Harvey. The wedge then separated, regrouped and split into flailing spokewheels on the sidewalk.

During the sweep, police vacuumed 21 street people for their wagons. One 16-year-old boy was added for trying to knife Olson.

Kids atop South U buildings began hailing down stones and concrete chunks after the people had been forced into the sidestreets. Harvey ordered teargas canisters launched atop the roofs. The kids fled.

Soon after Harvey sent his "pepper gas machine" along Forest.

Police were obstinately tense and even overreacted toward motorists who suddenly found South U avenue blocked.

Also about 9:45 two youths approached the police lines seeking to cross South U to get their car. One was bleeding badly from a cut wrist.

Police twice chased them back before they could explain. Finally they were let through, with their hands in the air and M-16's trained on their backs. Police ripped off the youth's makeshift bandage to make certain he carried no concealed weapon.

One woman, about 50, walked up to the lines very authoritatively, challenging police rights to barricade the streets. They replied perfunctorily they were only following orders. She turned angrily, "You guys better start realizing what these young people are doing and better leave them alone or this country is going to be in a hell of a state. . . mark my words."

A 13-year-old kid wandered about telling how he'd been thrown out of the police wagon after being arrested in the push. He said they'd hit him with a rifle butt and pushed him out after telling them his age.

By this time the ranks of the police had swelled to more than 300, compared to a total of 500 kids roaming about at all intersections. An hour later, around 11:00, an influx of University students doubled the crowd number.

Police had been making periodic forays down South U's sidestreets scattering the people with clubs and sometimes gas.

Suddenly at 11:00 they gave concerted chase to groups gathered at South U-East U, smashing some with clubs as they clogged through the Engin Arch and racing others all the way to Fleming's house. Fleming came out to rap, or at least to try.

Students surrounded Fleming, demanding he send the police away from campus. As they were talking on the street, Harvey's masked mobile unit snuck between the Grad and UGLI forming a line there. Others advanced on the Fleming crowd, shot two tear gas canisters and a smoke bomb and quickly retreated. Fleming, along with the students, was gassed. Students coming out of the UGLI were held there and gassed.

Fleming went back inside, called city hall and was told Harvey had final authority for all police units. "My God, not that man," Fleming murmurred.

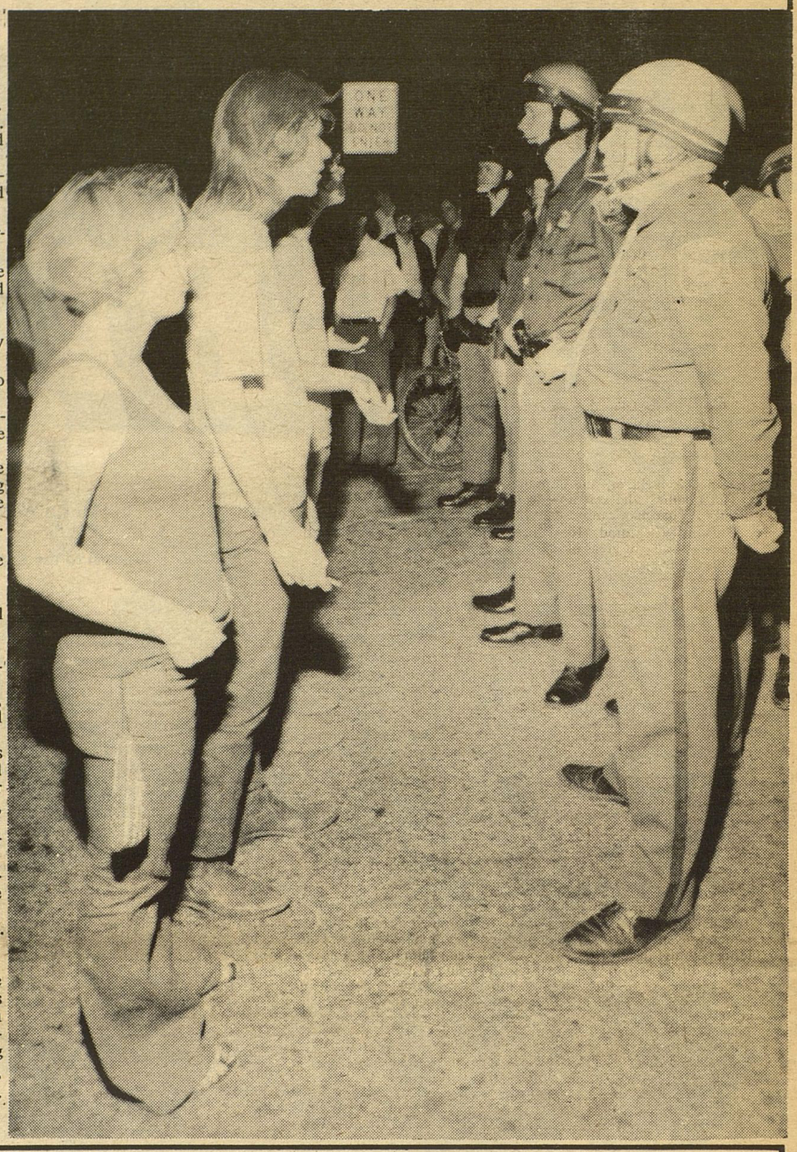
Mobile units from Oakland and Monroe were now arriving in force and groups of people surged back and forth on South U, aimlessly, without the local radical leaders in the forefront to guide them.

The issue of street people using the street was no longer central to confrontation. Rather the stark use of police force provided a reason and the police presence supplied incentive for staying.

Fleming next tried and failed in his mediation alliance with Olson, spurring more angry mutterings and a rapid increase in flying rocks and bottles. Police used teargas attacks twice to move the crowds back from the South U-East U intersection which formed a militarized zone in which Olson, Fleming and student leaders alternately bickered, pleaded and yelled at each other and the crowd to the accompaniment of breaking

After the Harvey-Fleming altercation and the Harvey ultimatum, Ken Kelley, Argus editor, used a bullhorn to urge people to go home rather than risk slaughter by the pigs. Some did. Others were caught and beaten in the final onslaught.

See P. 15



Sinclair Shorn

by Art Johnston

The pigs, they tried to cut John Sinclair's balls off last Wednesday.

With cops pinning his arms and legs down, cackling like medieval inquisitors, the Oakland County fuzz cut off all John's hair, they cut it all off, all the three years of long black billowy hair that grew since he was in jail last. The wool was ripped off immediately after the ring-leader of the White Panthers was sentenced to thirty days for assaulting a police officer.

"They didn't even fingerprint me first," the cigar-chomping psychedelic gangster said, "That's how desperate they are. They tried to beat me up and that didn't work."

"They can't do much more to me now," lamented Sinclair, who was convicted and clipped at the Oakland County Service Center, or "the gas station of justice," as he called it.

Sinclair allegedly assaulted a cop at "The Loft", a teen-club in Leonard, Michigan.

"I was pissed off as a motherfucker at those punks," related the 225 pound manager of the MC5, who somehow, still doesn't look clean cut with his stubbly jowls, his scowling mustache and his unkempt head of hair hugging his head like a baby panda bear.

"I was negotiating with the dude who managed The Loft, telling him he's gotta learn how to control his renta-cops, and he said 'get outa here.'

"Now I don't respond to anybody like that," Sinclair explained, exhaling a gust of marijuana smoke into the face of his lawyer, who nodded approvingly. "If they wanted me to go, they might have asked me in a nice way. I told him, I ain't going nowheres till we get our money."

"OOMPH!"

"Just like that, the pigs came on me," and he imploded all his extremities.

"I went beserk, Man," the Panther railed as he recreated the scene before our very eyes, "I don't remember nothing till I was layin on the ground—I don't remember nothin after that." He repeated the last phrase for emphasis.

Sinclair's lawyer, a slick downtown attorney with a suspicious looking mustache himself, leaned over to explain, "It doesn't take much to cut a person's face up, you see. I mean, when you throw your arms out as was John's natural reaction, I mean when the other person, like the cop—has glasses on, you're bound to get your face cut up a bit—"

"I mean a good backhand," Sinclair cut in demonstratively as his attorney ferked to one side, "is bound to floor the cats, right? But they kicked the fuck outa me. I'm still going to press charges of criminal assault."

"It was so clear that the pigs were lying, the prosecutor was a bumbling fool. I mean, class differences aside, I don't know how they came to that conclusion." The judge refused to allow testimony by the owner of the teen club that he heard the cops planning to jump Sinclair.

"You just gotta learn how to talk, John, but you gotta learn to watch the loose talk—I mean the judge went beserk." Sinclair infuses so much vitality into everything around him that by now the lawyer was talkin like a coach in a boxing match.

I can imagine that the judge went beserk. When Sinclair sees blue, he goes mad, howling at the cops, and any judges and juries who happen to be nearby. Most cops back off:

"Pardon Sir?"

"Pardon, my ass! You heard me, Pig, you better get all your fun now while you can, cause you ain't gonna be around much longer!"

"The cops are trained to talk smooth," the lawyer said.

"They testify frequently, and recite right off the reports. Like the pig said, 'the subject was apprehended, subdued, and put to one side,' and John said 'they kicked the fuck outa me!"

"We gotta realize that we just aren't gonna get no fair trial. We just gotta go in there tooth and nail."

When Sinclair goes to Court, it's like the gin-drinking lumpenproles went to see Shakespeare. The people can only relate to the show in a super-bizarre manner. The whole Trans Love Tribe, over 60 people, usually turns out, with a menagerie of uncouth local freeks, common-law children, and they smoke weed, spit, cackel at the judge—"Hear ye!" bonk. bonk. "Or I'll throw you all in the can!"—in general behaving like they were visiting a pigsty.

In one of Hohn's trial for sales the Monday, June 9th before he was sentenced for assault, we had to endure a Morality Play before the trial commenced.

Cop on two-way radio [overheard]: "There are about 75 people up here, but we've got the building covered, and they seem to be behaving well."

The judge dragged out an old spade, who shuffled out with his head downcast, like he was guilty of something. He was "convicted" of possession of heroin and let off with a warning and a promise he would get a job. [Heroin is much worse than dope—in fact, grass is good—and John already has a job.]

"Tell us how you graduated to heroin."

"Ah had 12 years of it judge. Oh I guess I started smoking marijuana when I was in the Navy. After that came cocaine and heroine."

The judge clasped his hands like in some kind of prayer for all the poor souls lost because of Drug Abuse, and the old spade stood there sort of nervous, pretty well fed for a junkie, but looking guilty of something, perhaps a few tickets, perhaps this whole ruse. "The real tragedy is what you might have been," his Honor pontificated.

"Ah'd like to help you, yer honer, in any way I can."

"I'm sure somebody out there in the courtroom could greatly benefit by your help. Next case!"

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Labor Mediation Was Never Like This, Ma!

by Neal Bush

Robben Fleming lacked the "chutspa" or "balls", choose your own word, for what happened on the streets of Ann Arbor this week. The man who has kept the University of Michigan cool and solved numerous labor disputes failed because he had no idea why the people wanted the streets.

Fleming is used to dealing with situations in which all the parties want something, but are willing to compromise and get only a part. His methods of talking and arbitrating presupposes two sides acted rationally, but by the time President Fleming decided to act, and that was only after hours of refusing to get involved, the people in the streets were no longer rational. They were angry that the cops had come down so hard when there was no need.

After the cops had chased the crowd down South University to East University on Tuesday night, they came onto the central campus, shooting tear gas and clubbing, but not arresting people. Marty McLaughlin, President of S.G.C., knocked on Fleming's door. After talking for a few minutes, Fleming slammed the door in Marty's face. When the next wave of cops ran up the street, McLaughlin yelled for people to come onto Fleming's lawn where they would supposedly be safe. However one cop shot a tear gas canister right onto the front yard. Kids banged at the door until Fleming and his wife came out. He let gassed people into his house, and his wife, who had been slightly gassed herself, gave out wet paper towels. One man had burnt his hand trying to pick up a canister. Fleming seemed very concerned about the injuries.

He then told a group of people, "University property is public property and no one can forbid the police from entering. There is no way to stop the police. Everyone should go home."

But, no one bothered to go home. Finally about 10:30, Fleming went into the streets to reason with everybody. No one was listening. The crowd, many of whom did not know who he was, didn't care. And Harvey stated that he thought Fleming was crazy when he asked Harvey and Captain Olson of the city police to pull back.

McLaughlin, who was now in the forefront of the crowd, looked at Fleming and said bitterly, "That man can't do anything now. No one trusts him. He should leave."

Fleming was scared. He realized after Harvey gave his 15 minute ultimatum that there was a possibility of great bloodshed. He thought that the deadline was unnecessary.

There was nothing he could do. Liberalism came up against force, and as usual came off second best. Fleming showed that he was impotent to deal with either the people or the police. He became the arbitrator no one wanted.

And, so when morning came, he had chosen his side. Of course, like every good corporate liberal when he comes up against it, he chose law 'n' order. Along with liberal Democrat Mayor Richard Harris, Fleming had a statement distributed to the press.

Fleming said that the disturbance did not relate to the University. He said that the police were restrained in the face of harassment, although he did feel that the tear gas was "unfortunate." He did not mention that he had only seen the police during the latter part of the evening, not that Sheriff Harvey had refused his efforts to find a "solution."

At the Wednesday noon rally on the Diag, Fleming helped set the tone of pure bullshit rhetoric which took place. He "proudly" announced that only thirteen of the 47 were arrested University students. He gave that figure in tones most university officials use when they announce Fullbright winners. He then spoke about how this wasn't the students affair and that they could be busted for a felony if they went back to South University. I expected him to add that if that happened it would be hard to get a job.

Fleming, as city officials were doing, was trying to separate the students from the non-students by appealing to intellectual elitism. And, it worked. Fleming may not be able to speak to cops or street people, but he sure knows how to play "father" to students. He got a big ovation when he finished and just about killed whatever life the noon rally had. He did his job.

Fleming needs to believe that the University students aren't involved, because he doesn't understand what the people want. He believes that he knows how to deal with students. After all, Fleming co-opted the movement at the University of Wisconsin by bailing out students who were arrested in a demonstration. Later, he demanded that students pay him back. And, Michigan has been calm in the sea of college turbulence.

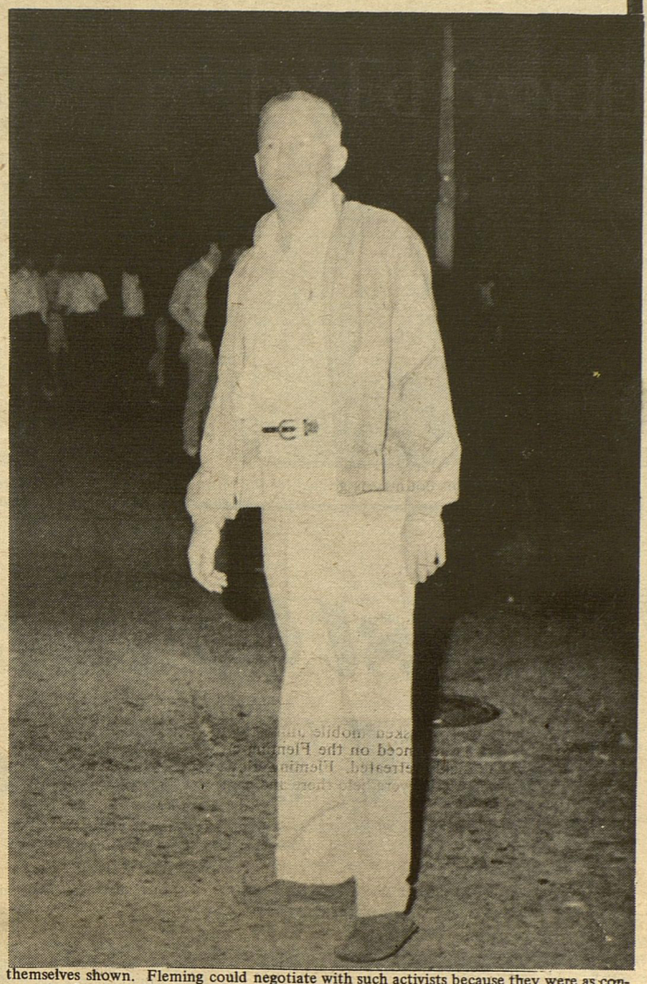
It is different trying to deal with people on the street who have no loyalty to the university or most of the values Fleming has. Some of the kids are twelve years old. No doubt he is repelled by the anti-intellectualism of the street people. The street people are attacking all those things that intellectuals have wanted: freedom within a structure. The street people want freedom without structures. Many see this as leading to Fascism.

Both Fleming and Harris although they can deal with students and even try to deal with blacks, seem at a loss in how to relate to the young street people. Thus, they try to split student and non-student.

At the Jefferson Plaza Concert on Wednesday night, Harris was appealing to the students. At South University, two hundred cops were confronting the street people. Fleming was at Jefferson Plaza. All he did was answer a couple questions. Sort of ironic. The President of the most powerful institution in the country and he was looking like one of those puppet South Vietnamese Presidents LBJ used to show off.

One reason Fleming has trouble dealing with the new outbreaks is that there are no leaders to negotiate with. The crowd has been leaderless. This has made any sort of crowd discipline impossible. Every person who has gotten up and said, "The people want this," all he is really saying is that he wants it. There is no one who can guarantee that if certain demands are met, the problem will end.

The old-time radicals and student governments types who could be depended on to turn any activity into a non-violent march or Diag rally are gone or just not bothering to make



themselves shown. Fleming could negotiate with such activists because they were as concerned as he was in keeping people from getting hurt.

Marty McLaughlin, however, does not speak for the fifteen year old kids with rocks in their hands. Nor does anyone else. So the lessons of labor relations are lost on the situation.

Fleming wants peace in Ann Arbor. He is definitely concerned about people being seriously injured in battles with police. He is concerned about the state legislature cracking down. He is concerned about Sheriff Harvey using any excuse to put cops on the campus. And perhaps, he wants to keep the possibility of his being the Democratic Vice-President candidate with Ted Kennedy in 1972 open. And that will only happen if this stays a basically cool town.

And, so he pretends that the University is powerless to do anything and cannot protect students. This is absurd. The university's political influence in Ann Arbor is immense, especially with the Democrats in power. But, Fleming won't help to bail out students this time. He has chosen his side.

No, Robben Fleming will not answer the call of "Why don't we do it in the road." His question is: Why would anyone want to do it in the road?

Harvey's goons goose step down South U. (below), while (above), Robben Fleming looks bewildered.

GASGASGAS

Editor's note: We had originally decided to run a more recent "Dr. HIPpocrates" column. This one was written during the Berkeley battle over People's Park and we thought that we would run something that was of more personal significance to the people in the All American City. However, the pigs changed our minds. . .

QUESTION: While watching the action attendant the occupation of People's Park, I received several mild doses of tear gas. The result seems to be a considerable lessening of congestion in my sinuses though I suffer from chronic sinusitis.

Do you recommend this treatment?

ANSWER: Two types of tear gas have apparently been used during the current Berkeley crisis, ON and CS. Technically, they are not gases but solids dispersed as aerosols.

CN or chloroacetrophenone [C6H6COCCH2C1] is a fast-acting irritant to the eyes and upper respiratory passages which was invented at the end of WWI. According to *Chemical and Biological Warfare* by Seymour Hersh, the official military manual TM3-215 states:

"In higher concentrations it is irritating to the skin and causes a burning and itching sensation, especially on moist parts of the body. High concentrations can cause blisters. The effects are similar to those of sunburn, are entirely harmless and disappear in a few hours. Certain individuals experience nausea

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Cockerel addresses Kennedy Square crowd on the days court proceedings. Photos/Ken Hamblin.

'Racist Criminal' v. Cockrel

DETROIT—Contempt of court charges against Detroit black revolutionary lawyer and political leader Kenneth V. Cockrel were dropped June 6 when Cockrel's accuser, Detroit Recorder's Judge Joseph E. Maher agreed by stipulation ot join the Cockrel defense in a motion to dismiss the contempt charges.

As a circumstance related to the stipulation, Maher agreed to lower the $50,000 bond on Cockrel's client, Alfred Hibbitt, Jr., who has been in Wayne County Jail since April 19 awaiting trial on assault with intent to murder a policeman during the New Bethel incident.

Cockrel's scathing criticism of the fifty thousand dollar bond and other aspects of Maher's handling of client Hibbitt's pre-trial examination were argued to be "contemptuous per se" by Maher's counsel.

Cockrel, in a press conference outside the courtroom directly after the Hibbitt hearing, accused Maher of:

—setting a confiscatory bond, a prior imposition of punishment on his client;

—violating Hibbitt's constitutional rights by refusing to tell his attorneys the name of the arresting officer;

—sustaining frivolous objections by the prosecutor.

(L), Cockerel and John Watson, founder of the League Of Revolutionary Black Workers. (R), Cockerel emerges victorious from courtroom.

Said Cockrel:

"The judge violates the law by terminating a hearing and not permitting us to put our witnessess on and then he violates law and reason and common sense by imposing a bandit, piracy, theivery, roguish bail upon a man which is purely confiscatory and is a prior imposition of punishment and that man still stands in this racist country presumed to be innocent, until such time as his guilt is proven beyond a reasonable doubt.

"It's preposterous, it's ludicrous and it's another clear example of the fact that the law is nothing but the white man's device, a second-level weapon to be used to destroy any person who is concerned with decency, humanity and the realization of any human potential in this world. Law is nothing but a weapon, that man is nothing but a criminal racist priate and he used that weapon against us by another classic demonstration of what this country is about and what the law is.

". . .That judge sat up on that bench and functioned operationally as nothing but an appendage of the police department, as nothing but an instumentality of the prosecutor's office."

Cockrel has never denied making any part of the statement. And no one has denied the truth of his allegations of Maher.

What seems to have inflamed Cockrel's critics is not the charges he levelled at Maher but the style of Cockrel's rap. For Cockrel talked not only in legal language but in the colloquial language of "blacks, workers, students and oppressed minorities".

As one of Cockrel's defense attorneys, Howard Moore, Jr. of Atlanta said, such a politician cannot speak to his constituency on matters of injustice "with the language of a Grosse Pointe tea party."

Three hundred Cockrel supporters, Panthers, other blacks, whites, packed the corridor outside Judge Joseph A. Sullivan's courtroom before the opening of Cockrel's trial. Only fifty were able to enter. The others stayed. The trial was not moved to a larger courtroom. A dozen Wayne County Sheriff's deputies were called into the courtroom to push them out. Sullivan recessed the trial to his chamber.

By the next day and for the week following, more than seventy deputies filled the corridor. A Detroit police photographer scanned the hall with a video tape camera until upon a defense request he was removed. Door knobs were removed and doors leading onto the corridor were locked. Only two elevators ran to the sixteenth floor where Judge Sullivan's chambers are.

Cockrel and his attorney's argued that the terms are both true and meaningful, and that no words are contemptuous per se. In attempting to prove that Cockrel's remarks were contemptuous, the attorney for the petitioner former state Supreme Court Justice Michael O'Hara called only two witnesses, television newsman Eric Smith, who identified a segment of film of Cockrel's statement, and Detroit News reporter Douglas Glazier, who filed an affidavit as a witness to Cockrel's remarks.

Glazier's affidavit did nto mention any of Cockrel's legal criticisms of Maher. It contained little more than quotes of terms like "criminal" and "honkie dog fool."

Moreover, Glazier admitted under cross-examination by black attorney Henry Ramsey of Richmond, California, that he had not written the affidavit but merely signed an affidavit prepared for him from some of his notes by a Recorder's Court clerk.

Glazier also said under cross-examination that he met several times privately with Recorder's Court Judge Robert DeMascio before filing his affidavit. DeMascio was the judge who signed the petition citing Cockrel for contempt. Cockrel said in a "People's Court" rally in Kennedy Square between the Detroit News Reporter and the Recorder's Court judge constituted a "conspiracy."

Cockrel's defense argued that his accusers had not established that his remarks constituted a clear and present danger to the administration of justice and in that Maher was finished with the Hibbitt case when Cockrel criticized him, that Cockrel had not interfered with the case.

Wayne County Circuit Judge Joseph Sullivan, who heard the contempt case, did not give an opinion when he dismissed the contempt charges because Maher had joined the defense in the motion to dismiss.

Cockrel, who had not spoken on the record during the trial, told reporters that he felt the position he had taken outside Maher's courtroom had been "to some extent vindicated" by the dropping of charges against him.

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bang

by Drew Bogema

Look, bombs are scarce. Right? Why a piddling ROTC office, one composed of only Defense Department regulations, circular memos, and demerit lists for local cadets, information that is also on record at the Pentagon. Why not the Pentagon? Why not your draft board? Why not my draft board? Why not the local A&P or Ann Arbor Bank?

North Hall, administrative and classroom home for ROTC at the University of Michigan, burst into flames late Sunday evening, June 1st, following the explosion of a dynamite bomb that had been placed underneath a staff car parked five feet from the building. No one was inside the building at the time of the explosion and there were no reported injuries from the subsequent fire. University and police officials later reported that although injury to the building resulting from the fire was substantial [estimated within a range of $15,000 to $20,000] there appeared to be no serious structural damage.

It only makes sense that if a mass-based radical organization is to succeed, that is gain power, energies now channeled into random terrorist activity must be brought back toward organized subversion. Incidents of this kind achieve nothing—they only isolate and alienate potential followers from supporting roles, they only give police a claim of legitimacy to raid and destroy revolutionary cadres. But this is to go ahead of the story...

The North Hall explosion represented the third bombing of United States government installations in the Ann Arbor area in less than nine months. On September 29, 1968, the Ann Arbor "front" office of the CIA was destroyed. On October 14, 1968, the University's Institute for Science and Technology, a haven for classified research laboratories, was similarly bombed. In all three instances the explosive used was dynamite.

Dozens of windows were shattered from the shock of the ROTC blast as the automobile, a 1967 Ford assigned to Army Commander Colonel H.K. Reynolds, was completely destroyed and its trunk lid tossed sixty feet into a pile of refuge. The gasoline tank of the car quickly caught fire and flames reached as high as eight to ten feet above the car. The fire quickly spread to the nearby buildings, and, within minutes, bystanders reported, two-thirds of the outside wall of the southwestern wing was burning.

I'm sorry. Maybe fascists did it, but, still, that's awfully hard to swallow. That kind of thesis gives those on the right entirely too much intelligence. It would assume that the fascists, in their urge to discredit the anti-ROTC people, discovered that by bombing the target of a reform movement protest they would consequently place in disrepute much of the original protest. Really now, have you ever met a smart fascist?

Yes, it is true that Stalin and the Bolsheviks tried to do this same sort of thing on the Mensheviki before the Russian Revolution. But do you really think our friends on the right could pull something like this off? If you do, you're really a paranoic case. But back to the journalism...

Police and fire officials arrived approximately fifteen minutes after the explosion and within minutes had the blaze under control. The pigs quickly cordoned off the area and have allowed only University and military people [a striking couple] to inspect the damage. No precise figure has been released to date.

Colonel H.K. Reynolds, would make no estimate to the degree of damage, but reported that at least six offices had been put out of operation, four Navy and two Army. He said that the FBI bomb squad called in from Washington because the car was government property, were still inspecting the rubble.

A student-faculty committee is presently studying the question of the compatibility of the University and military visions and is expected to report early in the fall. "Certainly the explosion had nothing to do with whether there will be a ROTC next year," Reynolds noted. He is right. Faculty, sensing disaster as the anti-ROTC engine churns across the nation, will probably manipulate ROTC out of the credit-granting part of the University, not, unfortunately, out of existense.

Ann Arbor Deputy Police Chief Harold Olson told reporters Monday morning that all the police were able to do is to study the area of the bombing to discover what was used and where it could have been obtained.

Olson also announced that the police did not have any suspects in mind so far. In addition to the type of the explosive used, Olson admitted that there seemed to be some similarity between the bombing and the ones last fall.

"All of these bombings occurred at roughly the same time of night," Olson told reporters, "and the extent of the damage was similar."

The Fox. And you thought Dick Tracy was a crack detective? Olson and Harvey are probably still concentrating on the missing link between the Ann Arbor strangler and the Ann Arbor bomber.

Aretha's Pop Popped

Rev. Clarence LaVaughn Franklin, a black man in a black robe on Sunday mornings, has gone beyond pulpit preachings, beyond street marches.

Franklin is pastor of New Bethel Church in Detroit, the father of Aretha Franklin plus the recorder of 18 albums for Chess Records.

More importantly he had been a force in crystalizing black people regardless of their ideology to the black cause.

Almost six years have passed since Franklin led a motley assortment of white liberals and black politicians in a Freedom March down Woodward. Dr. Martin Luther King was still alive then.

Franklin still believes in bringing people together in spectaculars,—he's still promoting his Soul Bowl despite its recent postponement.

But he had also been a compassionate openminded human being behind the silk ties and flashy rhetoric. He is a minister, attending to misery and conflict long after social workers have retired from their 9-to-5 day. He is a refuge, letting the Republic of New Africa use his church for their convention after other churches had turned them away.

Now Franklin is being hassled by the Detroit police because two policemen were shot outside his church in a gunbattle.

Police say American Airlines opened up Franklin's suitcase May 24 to check for identification and found three marijuana cigarettes.

The whole thing was an obvious plant. Yet the police and the prosecutor's office are going ahead with the case for three reasons: (1) to press forward an effort to rescind Franklin's suspended sentence on income tax evasion and thus put him in jail for a year and (2) to undercut his credibility for the upcoming murder trial in the New Bethel case (3) to improve on their record of harrassment against Franklin, which previously had included the usual assortment of "traffic" and "suspicious persons" offenses.

Franklin pleaded "no contest" to charges of income tax evasion in 1967 and received a suspended sentence, which could now be revoked under intimidation from the prosecutor's office.

So far it hasn't been. But anything is possible in Detroit courts, which haven't yet thrown out the grass plant case even though American Airlines has now admitted Franklin wasn't even on the flight it originally said he was on.

Baloney

Alan Maki, an SDS organizer, was arrested a few months ago for larceny from a building and faced five years in prison. The arrest happened a few weeks after the demonstrations and sit-in at Michigan State University last winter. It would have been just another case of a movement organizer being harrassed for political activity because of his work, but in this case there was a particularly blatant attack—for Alan Maki was facing five years in jail for allegedly stealing *two baloney sandwiches* from a dormitory cafeteria at MSU during the sit-in.

The preliminary examination was postponed a few times, and was finally scheduled for June 2nd. Attorney Marc Stickgold of Detroit, who represented Maki, was prepared to demonstrate the political nature of the charge. In a conference with the Prosecuting Attorneys office held on June 2, the absurdity of the charges, and the threat of a wide open political defense, finally sunk in, and the Prosecuting Attorney gave up. The State agreed to dismiss the case. "In these blatantly political cases," said Stickgold, "there can no longer be just a defense. There must be a strong political offense, and the state must know that is what is going to happen."

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Milwaukee 14

Meanwhile, inside the tiny courtroom, the scene was even more tense. The chanting, singing and action in the halls could be heard and the tension in the courtroom grew as some of the defendants made statements before sentencing. The judge was visibly tense and upset, and one could see that there was a severe strain on this devout Roman Catholic in sentencing the 12, most of whom are Catholic clergy or seminarians. The fourth to be called for sentencing was Father Tony Mullancy, a Boston priest.

"I would like to thank you for being a gentleman throughout the trial," stumbled Judge Larson.

"I stand with my brothers in every way," said Father Mullancy, making it clear to the judge that he did not dissociate himself from others of the twelve.

And at that point, the judge broke down and cried! He sobbed so long and hard that Jim Forest, one of the 12, asked whether he "would like a recess to compose himself." Still sobbing, he replied, "No, I must go on." Throughout the rest of the sentencing, either the judge, the twelve, the spectators, or some combination of them were in tears. When Larson sentenced Father Jim Harney of Boston he said that he was giving them jail time as a "deterrent to others." Father Harney turned toward the hallway, where the singing was in full swing, and said, "Do you really think you can deter those people. You're a bigger fool than I though."

As if all this wasn't enough, the 12 then started their federal trial three days later on June 9. Urged by everyone to plead guilty, or at least to have the case adjourned, they refused in any way to capitulate to the state. They insisted on a full trial, and right now. So they started. Judge Myron Gordon, the federal judge, began examining prospective jurors as to whether they had heard about it. In three days he questioned 143 jurors. He found *none* without a possible preconceived notion as to the guilt or innocent of the defendants. And so he dismissed all the charges. The Constitution of the United States requires that you to tried in the district [I.E. Milwaukee] in which the alleged offense was committed. Neither of these rights can be taken away unless the defendant waives it. And no one did. The prosecutor agreed to the June 9 trial date and he never asked to have it postponed. The defendants never asked for anything but dismissal. And they got it!

The significance of all this is that it was not the result of some technical legal defense. The defendants, although preserving many legal objections, never got off the main track of a directly political defense. They defended themselves at both trials. Although they had attorneys for all the preliminary stages of the cases, they discharged them immediately prior to each trial. Lay advocacy [that is, defending yourself without attorneys] is a crucial political decision in certain kinds of cases.

Part ot the efficiency of the criminal process in oppressing political activists, and obfuscating, distorting and sterilizing all really "relevant" issues, is its elaborate system of rules, procedures and customs. People who work within that structure—judges, prosecutors, juries and lawyers—often not fully able to cope with the contradictions if that structure is broken down. The conflicts of the divided and irrational loyalties and commitments that a capitalist state imposes on court functionaries come to the surface. In this case, both the judge and the two prosecuting attorneys broke down at various times. The judge could only sentence them to two years and broke down doing that. The probation department recommended probation for almost all of them. In this case, only the jury was not sufficiently reached. But another very important group was reached—the spectators, both those who came in person and those who read about the proceedings in the press. Rather than hearing about or viewing a quiet, orderly structured verbal maze of lawyers, they were confronted very directly with a political struggle in the courtroom. Who the oppressors were became very clear.

Lay advocacy should only be used in limited kinds of situations. When the defendant wants to admit he committed the acts charged, but defend on a political or moral basis, lay advocacy becomes a very important technique to consider. One objection to it is often that because you don't have a lawyer, the "system" will just "steamroller" over you. That just isn't true! The pressure of the defense of the 12 in the state trial not only directly influenced the lightness of the sentence, but caused such controversy that none of the 143 prospective jurors in the federal trial could sit on the jury, thus resulting in a full dismissal of the charges. The "power of the people" is not just a phrase to be printed on leaflets. It is an expression of the necessity of struggle against the ruling class and its functionaries, which includes the judicial system. That struggle means risk and danger. But it can also mean partial victories before the ultimate victory. That is true whether we are speaking about a criminal case, or other aspects of the revolutionary struggle. The struggle now is to expose the decay of capitalism and the corruptness of its institutions; the explain the beauty and potentials of socialism; and to keep as many people out on the streets organizing as possible. These are the criteria which must be considered when determining how to defend a particular attack on movement people. In this case, lay advocacy reconciled these goals in the best possible way, and the result shows it. After all the smoke has cleared, the twelve will probably serve about a year or fourteen months in jail; the political value of the trials was maximized; and the government was made to look inept, corrupt and "almost beatable." Soon the "almost" will also fade away.

Panthers Busted

by Mark Stickgold

On June 5, 1969, about a dozen pigs raided the headquarters of the Black Panther Party in Detroit, allegedly searching for a police radio stolen from the Kensington Park Police Department. Headed by a member of the Subversive Squad who flashed a search warrant for the radio, the little blue man, after two hours of rummaging through the office, at 8417 12th street, found nothing remotely resembling a radio. However, so that the day shouldn't be a total loss they seized all the office equipment—including a typewriter, dictaphone and adding machine. They also arrested three Panthers, Anita Hartman, Jon Williams and Leo Williams, for possession of stolen property.

The three were released four hours later after the prosecutor refused to issue a warrant for any of them, and attorneys for the Panthers had challenged the arrests in court as illegal and unjustified. The police kept the office equipment, however, asserting that it had been stolen from the Board of Education. Ron Scott, acting information lieutenant, said that the assertions were completely unfounded, and that the raid was part of a program of police harrassment by the Detroit police.

Scott maintained that the raid was a police move "to eliminate the only protection in the community against the big power structure." He pointed out that Panther offices across the nation were being raided, and that members of the Black Panther Party were being arrested and charged on trumped up charges throughout the country. In New York, for example, sixty Panthers have been charged with assorted serious crimes, but not one has been convicted, although many are still in jail on outlandish and illegal $100,000 bonds.

In Chicago, for example, on June 4, just one day before the Detroit raid, the Panther office was raided by 35 FBI agents wearing bulletproof vests and carrying submachine guns. They smashed down doors, ransacked the office, destroying what they didn't steal. They allegedly were searching for George Sams, a Panther wanted in New Haven, Connecticut, for murder, but as is usually the case in these raids, there was absolutely to hint of the presence of the "object" of the search and raid. In Detroit, the FBI in the last few weeks has been conducting an intensive interrogation campaign of suspected Panthers. Two Negro agents have been questioning manly people at their homes and places of work.

Scott told newsmen, at a press conference held after the Detroit raid, that people could draw their own conclusions about national and local "conspiracies" against the party and its members by law enforcement agencies. He attributed the step-up locally to the Detroit Police Departments, and "the fascist Detroit Police Officers Association," and stated that the stepped up attack was because of the organization's increasing popularity among the area residents, because of such programs as the "Breakfast for Children" projects recently initiated in Detroit.

Even Congressman John Conyers' office has recognized the importance of the breakfast program. Arthur Featherstone, an aide to Conyers, recently talked to a number of the children participating in the program and found them "delighted at the attention of the Panther party members." "It looks like a very good program," he commented. "Some of these kids told me thay never had breakfast before." Scott also charged that Ernest Lee, who has been in charge of the breakfast program, had been singled out for pig harrassment. Police have broken into his home, and confiscated "items which he had obtained to defend himself in America."

In spite of the police harrassment and provocations, the Detroit Panthers will not react violently, said Scott. "We are not a reactionary party. To react to the pigs attacks on us would be just what they want. We will continue doing just what we have been doing—educating the community and showing Black people that pigs are not their protectors." If reaction does come to police actions, he indicated, "it will come from our brothers on 12th street, not from us."

Berkeley

From P. 4

must begin to work silently with small groups of trustworthy brothers—bands, gangs, communes—of limited number, who would mass not in the streets but would set about quietly taking preparations to defend our homes, our families, our way of life.

Che wrote that a revolution begins when people move to satisfy a hunger—and the ruling rich move against them with terror, and the people react to this terror by defending themselves and their developing way of life.

The purpose of demonstrations up to now has been mainly to show that we have the support of the people, and that the government is not responding. In Berkeley 1969 there was more solid mass support than there has ever been before, and this included the National Guard, the straight media, labor unions, homeowners, students, street people. And still they would gun us down! We can not allow ourselves to be murdered like martyres with a daisy between our teeth. Public demonstrations can no longer be conceived as military protests *against*, or 'confrontations', but rather as celebrations of our culture.

Politics, left or right, which are divorced from real life and are solely a struggle for power between two elites [both claiming to represent the people], inevitably leads to manipulation of the people by the few. The problem of America is not just a political one, or a psychological one, or a philosophical one. Our real lives are a unity, and not divided into categories as in textbooks.

Our primary interest must now be building the new society and defending it against the old. Indeed, the old crumbles daily under its dead weight. As more people disengage and begin to build the revolutionary culture, then the old will grow ever weaker.

We do not owe any allegiance to those who would manipulate us, whether they come to us as our fathers or our brothers. Ignore them. We must trust our real brothers —those we are bound to through our real life activity—working, eating, fucking, doping, brawling—not to those who would involve us in some ego-media-power-theoretical bullshit! We don't need to be 'organized' and 'radicalized' by any theoreticians. We can learn from our brothers who are Doing It!

GAS

From p. 7

following exposure to CN."

CS or o-chlorobenzalmalanonitrile is said to have been developed by the British in the 1950's. The 'S' means "super" and its formula is $C_1C_6H_4CHC(CN_3)$.

"CS produces immediate effects even in low concentrations. . .The onset for incapacitation is 20 to 60 seconds and the duration of effects is 5 to 10 minutes after the affected individual is removed to fresh air. During this time the affected individuals are incapable of effective concerted action. The physiological effects include extreme burning of the eyes accompanied by copious flow of tears, coughing, difficulty in breathing, and ohest tightness, involuntary closing of the eyes, stinging sensations of moist skin, running nose, and dizziness or swimming of the head. Heaby concentrations will cause nausea and vomiting in addition to the above effects."

TM3-215

On May 20th, a military helicopter sprayed teargas over the Berkeley campus of the University of California. The gas, probably of the CS type, enveloped Cowell Memorial Hospital and drifted up to the Strawberry Canyon Recreational Area affecting small children and their mothers. The following instructions for treatmetn of exposure to tear gas were prepared by Henry Bruyn, M.D., director of Cal's Student Health Service:

Slight—Moderate Exposure

EYES - expose to fresh air. Do not rub.
SKIN - keep dry for 4-6 hours. If the skin is wet, shower with soap
NASAL DISCHARGE - will subside rapidly without treatment
SHOES - should be washed with a sponge or cloth
GREASE OR OINTMENT - should *not* be used before or after exposure, otherwise the gasparticles will cling to the skin

Heavy Exposure [powder will be visible on the clothes and body]

EYES - large amount of plain tap water. Burns of the cornea are possible so eyes should be checked by a physician. Recovery takes about 2 weeks
SKIN - water increases the stinging but helps prevent burns
HAIR - should be thoroughly washed.
CLOTHES - should be washed with a detergent

Medical personnel may be affected by a patient's skin, hair and clothing. Victims of a severe gas attack should, if possible, remove their clothes and shower before entering a treatment area.

Tear gas may linger for long periods in cloth and paper. A visit to Cody's Bookstore on Haste and Telegraph caused my eyes to tear a week after one of Berkeley's tear gas episodes.

I can't really recommend tear gas as a treatment for chronic sinusitis, but I'd like to know if other readers had similar effects. Perhaps leaders in future demonstrations will have post-nasal drips and wave handkerchiefs instead of flags.

A scene observed during one of the People's Park skirmishes seems to sum up the situation in Berkeley these last few weeks. Standing in the middle of the Telegraph and Druant intersection, near UC corner, was a heavily armed policeman clad in flak jacket and gas mask. From the corner of his eye he saw a sudden movement. He whirled around and heaved a tear gas grenade—at a small brown bird.

* * *

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Alms for the Angry

by Robert Hovey,

The first major action of the Detroit representatives of the National Black Economic Development Conference took place in Detroit from June 7 to 10. The NBEDC is the nation-wide group led by James Forman which has demanded $500 million in reparations from white Christian churches and Jewish synagogues.

What was most significant about the Conference's partial success and partial failure in demanding facilities and money from the Presbytery of Detroit was that THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING. To describe what happened in Detroit those four days of talking and waiting would make boring reading.

Most vital at this time is a discussion of the NBEDC program and demands. There will be more action in Detroit and in other cities. It is most important that whites who consider themselves anti-racists understand and defend these actions. The racist media are doing their best to convince the American public that the Conference espouses "racism in reverse." *The Wall Street Journal* thinks that reparations constitute "robbery." Why didn't they call it *"robbery in reverse"*?

"The Manifesto" of the Conference is a heavy political document. "For centuries," it says, "we have been forced to live as colonized people inside the United States, victimized by the most vicious, racist system in the world. We have helped to build the most industrial country in the world.

"We are therefore demanding of the white Christian churches and Jewish synagogues which are part and parcel of the system of capitalism that they begin to pay reparations to black people in this country. We are demanding $500,000,000. . . This comes to 15 dollars per nigger."

The reparations are demanded of the *churches*, not of the parishioners. The white anti-racist organization, People Against Racism, which participated in the Detroit action, has researched church finances and found the institution to be a very rich one. The Catholic Church was not only the world's first multi-national corporation, it is also the world's richest one.

The Presbytery of Detroit earns thousands of dollars annually, not from plate-passing and bake sales, but from its investments in such racist corporations as Dow Chemical, Chase Manhattan Bank, Standard Oil, DuPont, and General Motors.

With the $500 million it exacts in reparations from the wealthy capitalistic churches, the Conference will establish:

1) a Southern land bank for cooperative farms;

2) a system of black communications "as an alternative to the racist propaganda" that permeates the white media;

3) a National Black Labor Strike and Defense Fund to enable the growing Revolutionary Union Movementa to continue to grow;

And other programs, including $10 million in assistance to the National Welfare Rights Organization.

The Black Liberation Struggle needs these things. Equally important, it needs the support of white people—white people who see the inhumanity and rigidity of "their" system, but who benefit from it however alienated from it they may be.

The Manifesto calls on all Conference Delegates "to find within the white community to implement these demands by whatever means necessary. By taking such actions, white Americans will demonstrate concretely that they are *"willing to fight the white skin privilege and the white supremacy and racism which has forced us as black people to make these demands."*

KIDNAPPED !

The Army calls it the Oakland Replacement Center. It's where they keep spare parts for Vietnam. Any time the machine develops a need for a new component a requisition is sent and Oakland supplies the part.

One such part is Private Marshall Bocher, 23 years old from Syosset, New York. Private Bocher is a bit defective though. According to the Army, he is "not allowed to crawl, jump, march for more than a mile or stand for more than 30 minutes." His feet are so flat that it affects his hamstring and calf muscles, yet Pvt. Bocher found himself in Oakland awaiting orders to Vietnam.

Bocher's lawyer, Robert Zweig, tried to get a medical hold executed. For two weeks he worked inside the Army. He went from the Oakland Army Base to the Sixth Army at the Presidio to the Judge Advocate General's Office in Washinton to the Secretary of the Army. He got no results.

"It has been the policy of the Army, for the last three or four months, to take men in Oakland who refuse to go to Vietnam, put them in chains, kidnap them by plane and deposit them in a combat zone in Vietnam," Robert Zweig says.

On May 13 Private Bocher submitted an application for discharge on the grounds that he was a Conscientious Objector.

According to Army regulations, each application must be considered. The Applicant must be held up while the processing goes on. If the application is denied and the man then refuses a direct order to Vietnam he may be court marshalled.

On May 13 the Army refused to accept Private Bocher's application. They called him a "chicken shit coward" and put him under immediate guard. Bocher was denied all communication—with his lawyer, his family, with anyone.

Two hours after he had submitted the application, Bocher was put in chains and carried aboard a plane bound for Vietnam

Essentially a cripple; having enough physical disabilities to keep him out of a high school gym class, Bocher is now in combat in S. Vietnam.

Private Bocher is not the only victim of military kidnap. At least six such men now have lawyers in the bay area. Several affidavits have been filed in Federal Court and Mr. Zweig expects to have his case come up soon.

When asked if he thought the Army would deny his accusations, the lawyer replied: "If they deny it I challenge them to a public hearing. But I doubt if they'll deny it. I think that they believe that their actions are reasonable—I assume that they're doing it to everyone."

UPS/Barb

Together

by C. McCall

We are discovering that revolution can be relatively small struggles as well as People's Parks. We are discovering that revolution can be a big green tent and blue VW bus in an alley. We are discovering that when fifty brothers and sisters get down, they can virtually stop a University from functioning.

Wayne State University is discovering its students. Out of supplies, all academic departments have been rendered inoperable; out of forms, the computer and data processing centers are closed, destroying a majority of administrative operations. Grades, diplomas, and summer registration are indeterminately delayed. Pickets, protests, rallies, and dancing in the liberated street are getting people together and pulling Wayne apart deserted office by deserted office. All it took was fifty kids, man.

Sixteen variably hot, cold, rainy days ago, student workers in the receiving, mail and university press departments went on strike for union recognition and negotiating rights. In the alley behind the administrative services building, twenty-four hour picket lines were set up in addition to a tent and truck for sleeping and eating. Not one truck has violated the lines and often the drivers stop to picket with the workers and offer advice.

On the fifth day of occupation, two picketers were arrested for obstructing traffic when they refused to allow a mail truck to pass. Students now admit the mail trucks and the university police have assumed the role of armed scabs to deliver some of the mail. Demonstrating solidarity with the union demands, at least five departments have returned the police-delivered mail.

An injunction to remove the camping pickets was signed early in the week by members of the Board of Governors. One governor, Leonard Woodcock, vice-president of UAW, was the object of picketing outside Solidarity House. In a press conference afterwards, student representatives charged Woodcock with acting anti-union and anti-labor. The injunction was mysteriously, or at least unexplainedly, revoked.

Both the Student-Faculty Council and the Board of Governors have refused to take an official position on the strike. The Board, in its monthly meeting, did however refuse to approve the Ad Hoc Committee's report on the plight of student assistants because no student workers were consulted.

At this point, absolutely no negotiations have been permitted by the administration. They consider the status of assistants as students, not as "real workers." Any mediation during the sixteen days has only been de facto recognition of individuals but not of representatives.

The organizers have requested a consent election in which all student workers and other university unions would be able to vote yes or no for the union of student assistants. This too was refused by the administration.

High morale among the picketers in what has been jokinly termed "Resurrection City" is helping to combat problems of no money, food shortage, and little support from such a union conscious city as Detroit. It appears that the university will attempt to hold out until the dire need for summer jobs causes the workers to abandon their lines and temporarily their quest for rights denied them by a university under whose barren portals they pass.

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ARGUS: I wonder if there's any chance of radicalizing certain cops just by osmosis?

Zappa: I tell you there's a better chance if you infiltrate them.

ARGUS: Well, how we going to do it—by kicking out the jams, or what?

Zappa: Instead of kicking out the jams, start joining the ROTC and become officers in the army, join the police force and become officers in that, and get in there and do it, man. Yeah, but what happens if you don't change the military, you can't just turn the projects off. That's all got to be straightened out and somebody has to do it.

ARGUS: What are our chances of creating a better Richard Nixon?

Zappa: I don't know. I was thinking at one time of advising him: of becoming some sort of counsel. but I don't think that I could even talk to him. I have talked to Establishment types about what's happening. It didn't really change them that much, but when we were done, they at least had a greater comprehension of what some of the things were that they didn't understand, that were worrying them. If you don't understand something you react to it out of fear and try to make trouble for the people responsible for it. I try to straighten them out. The better those old farts understand what's going on, the easier its going to be to co-exist with them, unless you intend to wipe them all out and I don't think you can just wipe them all out. I don't think this is the state for it, what with the CIA school and everything. I went to CIA University, but they were inactive.

ARGUS: How do you know?

Zappa: Well. . .

ARGUS: Was that Michigan State?

Zappa: That was Michigan State.

ARGUS: Yes, it is kind of strange there. Is there any structure to your concerts or is it just. . .?

Zappa: It is all rididly under control at all times.

ARGUS: Can I ask you about the book on the groupies: What's the lastes
What's the latest thing on that? Is it still in the process? Is it really to help finance *Uncle Meat?* What's the admission thing to *Uncle Meat?* Can you really like pay for as long as you want to see it. . .

Zappa: That thing that was in *Rolling Stone* is completely inaccurate.

ARGUS: Was it a big hype?

Zappa: It had nothing to do with the album and even less to do with *Uncle Meat.*

ARGUS: Well, did you just make it up or something. . .

Zappa: *Rolling Stone* is not all that accurate. It's a highly imaginative paper.

ARGUS: It's kind of interesting to read the *East Village Other* and *Rolling Stone* and you get kind of a different view from both papers.

Zappa: It's interesting, too, to read the *East Villiage Other* and the *Los Angeles Times,* or maybe even the *Detroit Free Press.* To give you an idea of what the *Los Angeles Times* is into: the front page story of the issue that I read on the plane was "Jimmy Roosevelt is Stabbed" and then there's a lottle thing at the bottom of the page that says that the Russians have landed on Venus. Meanwhile, the big headlines were that Jimmy Roosevelt was stabbed.

ARGUS: How about the Plaster Casters? Can you tell. . .

Zappa: Cynthia is in Los Angeles now. She casted a guy from Jim Kweskin Jug Band Music.

ARGUS: You mean there's only one now?

Zappa: Oh, yeah. The other one quit to become a speed freak.

ARGUS: I thought she joined the GTO's or something.

Zappa: No, she didn't.

ARGUS: What are the GTO's doing now?

Zappa: What are they doing?

ARGUS: Are they recording or just. . .?

Zappa: Well, they're going to be recording again when I get back.

ARGUS: How about Wildman Fisher? Can you tell us something about him?

Zappa: He still lives in Los Angeles, he's still begging on the streets.

ARGUS: They'll give you a dime if you sing a song or something?

Zappa: We were trying to arrange to get him on some television shows, but no-one would take him on.

ARGUS: No commercial potential, huh?

Zappa: Let's start a "Wildman Fisher Relief Fund."

ARGUS: He hasn't made any money, has he?

Zappa: No, and I doubt if he will, he doesn't seem to be too successful.

ARGUS: Just one question: During the concert, a lot of your remarks were like directed toward social issues, like Nixon, the police, they were fairly controversial. How do you justify these comments when you're a part of the multi-million dollar rock 'n' roll industry and so augmenting the economy that you're criticizing at the same time?

Zappa: Well, it depends on how you want to change the economy; whether you want to. . .well, first of all, I see nothing wrong with earning a living, especially for doing something that you like. And second of all, I don't work for someone else's company, I have my own company.

ARGUS: You have something else besides Bizarre, don't you?

Zappa: Yeah, it's called Straight Records.

ARGUS: Do you have some kind of an industrial thing, too?

Zappa: Yeah, Nifty Talking Bijou. They do album covers and ads.

ARGUS: Have we heard any of their commericals or. . .?

Zappa: I don't know if any of their radio spots are aired here.

ARGUS: Didn't you cut an ad for radio?

Zappa: Yeah.

ARGUS: Is that available?

Zappa: It probably is. I did that a long time ago. That was last year.

ARGUS: How about the TV things you do? I saw you on Steve Allen, I think, and they had you recite the lyrics to *Hungry Freaks.* How do you find working on TV?

Zappa: It's a lot different in Europe than it is here. Like, for instance, in American television they take the attitude that 'Boy, oh boy, are you ever lucky to get on television here' and they have this thing called a check swap where they'll pay you union scale to go on their show. But they know you need the exposure, so you have to agree to give the check back to them after the show. So you don't get paid anything, as a matter of fact you have to pay union fees. So it costs you money to go on television, but of course you get seen by 30,000,000 people and they think they're really helping you out. But then they have sound mixers on those shows who really haven't the faintest idea what an electric band is, let alone, you know, a regular band, to get a good balance, so they always make you sound shitty and they give you two minutes to play, and they treat you like you're some sort of creature from the zoo, but still there are all these people and its better that they should see you as a creature from the zoo than not ever hear of you at all.

When we do television in Europe, its completely different. We did a show in Germany and the guy says: "Use the studio, play as long as you want." And I said, "You're kidding. I've got about an hour and fifteen minutes." And he says "Ok, good." I said, "Give us anything we want, you know, to do the show?" He says "Yeah." I said, "I want some smoke bombs." And he says, "Okay." And he brings us the smoke bombs and we ask for some food and he brings us trays of food, all kinds of beer. "Hang a rope from the ceiling." And he hangs a rope from the ceiling and we swing on it. It's insane. It's the biggest. . .it's like American Bandstand and we played for an hour and fifteen minutes. We go in Paris, our records are not very well known in France, this is the first time we've ever done a show there. To start with they paid us more than they have ever paid a rock 'n' roll group for French television—which amounts to peanuts compared to the United States, but. . . And we played for fifteen minutes. And then we did a show in London, where we played for forty-five minutes and they also said, "Well, do anything you want, any type of a thing you want." So I said, "Bring me a bed," so they brought us a bed. That afternoon Don had gone to the trick store and bought some phony blood capsules. You know where you put on a fist fight and bite the capsule and blood comes out of your mouth. So he got some of those, so we played a little bit and I brought the music down and I announced to the TV audience that we were going to demonstrate a little thing that we had learned while we were travelling in Germany which we called the Buster Crabbe Hold. It's a bizarre sexual position that the boys worked out with the German groupies, you know. And everybody in the control booth is going, "What?!?" So Bun puts his horn down and grabs Don by the throat from behind the piano, throws him on the bed and starts fucking him. They roll around and they fall off the bed and then Don bites a capsule and blood starts pouring out of his mouth. This is a color show, by the way. And I said, "Okay, that's couple number 1." Couple number 2 was Mac and Motorhead, who did it, you know, where you take your belt off and hang it over one arm and you make a loop and one person's leg goes through here and you fuck dancing and standing up at the same time, and they blocked out for awhile with musical accompaniment. You know this was forty-five minutes of this show on television.

ARGUS: Do you find that the people over there are like more receptive and just sit and watch, instead of screaming out things, or is that. . .

Zappa: There are always people who like to scream out things.

ARGUS: How did you get across the language thing? Were you speaking like to them in English?

Zappa: A lot of people speak English over there, in Germany, Spain, especially Holland. They understand everything you say. Do you guys know about Orange County? You know where Orange County is? Okay, they know about it too over there. They ain't that stupid. If they can hear what you're saying most of the time they laugh in the right places. But the main difference is that they listen to the music and they listen to it like it was music, not some sort of music entertainment. They listen to it like it was classical music, which is nice.

ARGUS: What happened to Sandy Herberts?

Zappa: Sandy Herberts was signed by Warner Brothers and I guess they're going to release an album by her.

ARGUS: Why are you getting into the GTO's so much?

Zappa: Why am I getting into the GTO's? That's a very personal question. I don't spend much time working with the GTO's at all. I finished their album and my partner in the record company heard it for the first time the night before last and he just shit his pants. He said we can't put that out. He says there's no distributor in the world who would ever take that record.

ARGUS: Are they good musicians?

Zappa: Of course not. But they write interesting material and they have something to say. They're about as good as any other girlie type rock 'n' roll, and they're generally weird.

ARGUS: Do you think anything will happen with them?

Zappa: I don't know. But I'm willing to find out. Willing to invest the money to find out. They can't be any worse than Wildman Fisher, anyway.

ARGUS: Is all this stuff on the front of the album, like about his mother being committed with a knife up against her throat. . .

Zappa: That's not his mother. We staged that. That's a cardboard cut-out of the grandmother of the photographer who took the cover picture. Can you tell its a cardboard cut-out?

ARGUS: No.

Zappa: We originally wanted blood, but we thought it would be a little bit too gory. I'd like to get a tape of his mother when she called the office. Man, she is weird.

ARGUS: Was she telling him to come home or something?

Zappa: No, not at all. She's afraid of him. He's tried to kill her three times. He does things like he sneaks into the house and he hides in the closet and sits for hours until she opens the closet, then he jumps out to scare her and then he runs away. He's real zany.

ARGUS: A bit bizarre.

Zappa: Yeah. This guy smells so bad. He comes into the office, you know, and you can smell him and tell he's coming, honest to God. He goes over to Warner Brothers and asks for copies of his album and if they give them to him, he goes out into the street and sells them. They're always saying, "Please keep your artists away."

ARGUS: Who's your favorite contemporary composer?

Zappa: Edgar Berrett.

ARGUS: How much is Charles Ives worth?

Zappa: Not a lot.

ARGUS: Not a lot?

Zappa: No, I haven't heard that much of his music. But I'm really familiar with Berrett's music.

ARGUS: But your stuff reminds me an awful lot of

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him. Can you make like a comment on the Bill Graham hassle?

Zappa: What Bill Graham hassle?

ARGUS: With the people. . .uh. . .

Zappa: The East Village thing or what? I like Bill Graham. I respect him because he's an honest businessman.

ARGUS: Yeah, it seems like you said before when it was just a rat-infested place, you know, and now that they've cleaned it up they want it once a week for free.

Zappa: If those guys in East Village really want to impress everybody about asserting themselves and doing a takeover why don't they go up and take over Lincoln Center. Like Graham has really been through a lot of bad stuff himself. He was born in Germany during the war and he's not really a very likeable personality. He's not your sweet personage, but he never done anything bad to us, and I've seen him at his worst.

ARGUS: Yeah, they tried to take away his place on the West Coast too.

Zappa: Who did?

ARGUS: Something like Howard Johnsons had purchased the land to build a building.

Zappa: Oh that. Well, he's building a new place nearer to Los Angeles which will be called the Fillmore South. I offered to buy the rights to his life story. I would really like to do a book about him.

ARGUS: What about the Bonzo Dog? They seem to be a lot like you.

Zappa: You know everyone has to find someone to equate the Mothers to and it always turns out to be something I don't know anything about. The only record I heard by them I didn't like. And I don't think the Mothers have any relationship to it at all.

ARGUS: What percentage of your time do you spend on concerts, what percentage in the studio, and so on?

Zappa: Oh, I don't know, as much time as necessary in the studio.

ARGUS: As far as concerts go, do you like this kind of place better than a ballroom.

Zappa: Yes, quite a lot. I like to play when the lights are on and everyone can see what you're doing. When we play at places where they have light shows its generally so dark that people have trouble seeing what's going on.

ARGUS: Have you played outside much?

Zappa: No, I don't like it. Your hands get sticky and you play bad and its like really. . .

ARGUS: How about the thing with the Detroit police that you started out at the beginning? How bad did they threaten you?

Zappa: Oh, we're just sort of biased and they're afraid.

ARGUS: Is this par for the course or is it. . .

Zappa: No, the only place it has happened is San Diego.

ARGUS: So its kind of indicative of the town then?

Zappa: Yep.

ARGUS: Did you put that one cover on to mock the Beatles?

Zappa: Well, I didn't think their cover made it. Ours is superior artistically.

ARGUS: You didn't have any marijuana plants on your cover, though.

Zappa: No, but they didn't have any watermelons on theirs, so we beat them out with symbolism.

ARGUS: Why did you change over from Verve to Reprise?

Zappa: Its because MGM [Verve] doesn't pay as well as Reprise. How's that for a reason?

Argus: Which album has sold best?

Zappa: *Freakout.*

ARGUS: Was that Motorhead telling the story about burning up the cars?

Zappa: Yeah.

ARGUS: What kind of speech was that you gave to the record companies?

Zappa: You mean at the convention?

ARGUS: Yeah.

Zappa: Well, they asked me to speak on "Appreciating the Underground Arts" which I thought was absurd. But they flew me down to the Bahamas and paid my hotel bill which was $64.00 a day and that's a ridiculous price even for a hotel with a gambling casino and I was there for a couple of days before I actually talked and when I did, there was no room left in the hall. Some people waited outside to see what would happen. Some people sat through it twice. It was like a panel discussion. There was me, the head of MCA, the President of Tetragrammaton and the. . .it was moderated by Hal Bennett who's the President of Liberty Records. They were all talking about subjects having to do with the relationship of youth to popular music. All most of the record companies were interested in was music, they didn't give a damn about who made it. And I pointed out the fact that most of them treated the people who recorded for them like they were a bunch of creeps. So after I'd spoken one guy gets up in the audience and says "We in the record industry thing that you long-haired guys are a bunch of creeps." And I said "Well, we think you're a bunch of old farts." So he cracked up and so did everybody else man. Directly after that another guy gets up to say something and he starts out like this: "My name is Stanley Orticoff, an old fart at Capitol Records." So from then on at the convention, old fart was the big thing. "How you doing, old fart?" Really it was magnificent. I had a chance to meet a lot of record distributors; they're a comic lot. I talked with the guy who owns Korvette's. He said, "Well, we have a little problem getting your records on the rack. Really hard with the *Uncle Meat* album. But well, we like to put them out there, and I liked your speech a lot. Sure would like to sell your records in your store, but it ain't worth fuck in there." "Well, how would you like it if we were to put a sticker on the album that said 'This album is rated X' like they do with films, you know." And he said, "Well, that would probably get us off the hook." He really has quite a reasonable point of view. First of all he says 'fuck' and everyone who works in the store says 'fuck' but a record is like a public work of art. A book, one person at a time reads a book, its a private experience. You play a phonograph record in a house and it says 'fuck' and ten people in the house hear it and somebody's going to complain about it, you know, and he says they have a lot of problems with the people in New Jersey. There's a lot of church groups and they're upset about that. Well, the last thing in the world I want to do is offend someone from a New Jersey church group. So I'm thinking of putting a sticker on that says "This album contains commonly used words of everyday English. If this offends you, then be advised that this album is not for you." But they sort of sneak onto the racks and keep on selling in spite of the church groups.

ARGUS: Have you ever been asked to perform at a Decency rally?

Zappa: I rather doubt we will be.

ARGUS: Would you like to?

Zappa: I'd love to, but it won't happen. Besides no-one really goes to decency rallies, except maybe a tree.

ARGUS: Maybe we can arrange for your next Detroit appearance to be a Decency rally.

Zappa: Sure.

ARGUS: We could get Orville Hubbard in, Jackie Gleason. . .

Zappa: Oh, yes, I want him to sing with us. Maybe even dance with us.

ARGUS: Just think what you could do with his golf clubs.

Zappa: Did you see that thing in *Esquire* this month? What to take with you to Havana. That's really great. They have this. . .it shows you what to put in your attache case in case hour plane hets high jacked to Cuba. The next few pages are phrases translated from English to Spanish that you can say when you get off the plane, everything from "All Americans love Fidel's speeches," to "Keep your hands off me, you filthy spik, I'm an American citizen." Then it has phone numbers to call in Havana. It has pictures of the head waiter of a bar in Havana and it has little notices about what's going on and it has a little map like a Havana airport. It's really a far-out thing.

ARGUS: Are the translations faithful? Is it the Spanish really?

Zappa: It appears to be, yeah. It looks very authentic. And then the other article they have in there is a thing about the Nixon style. "Understanding the Nixon style."

ARGUS: Oh, they have the whole thing on the front. With the cabinet and all.

Zappa: Yeah. But the Nixon thing is funny.

ARGUS: What are some of the translations into German that you have on the *Mother Mania*?

Zappa: I don't know the direct translation of that. But I can tell you roughly what it says. It's a minute by minute account of a riot that occurred in Berlin.

ARGUS: A riot you caused?

Zappa: No, that some students caused. Because of our appearance.

ARGUS: Who wrote it?

Zappa: Who wrote the riot? It was in the newspaper the next morning.

ARGUS: Are you on tour now?

Zappa: We're going to play Toronto and then we play Appleton, Wisconsin, of all places. You know the Appleton Decency Convention. Then we go from there to England. We go to London for four days. Then we play the outskirts of London for five days, and then we play Albert Hall.

ARGUS: Have you ever gotten to Asia?

Zappa: No, not yet. We may go to Japan this August.

ARGUS: They love American acts in Japan.

Zappa: I think they'll really like us.

ARGUS: Maybe they'll create a Japanese Mothers Of Invention. That's how they honor artists that they like, they duplicate them.

Zappa: I hope so. I'll tell you there's a lot of Mothers of Invention floating around Germany. We played a festival there and we heard three or four different groups that sounded like the last side of *"Freak-Out."* It's really weird. But I love that. No one can imitate our stuff here. So you take what you can get. If its Germany, its Germany.

ARGUS: Do you have any other investments or things that are coming up like Wildman Fisher and things like that?

Zappa: You mean weird artists? Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band I think will tickle your fancy.

ARGUS: They've been playing for quite a while, haven't they?

Zappa: Yes, they have.

ARGUS: They're going to be on the Bizarre label?

Zappa: No, they're going to be on Straight. Prior to this they were produced by people who wanted to make sure that they were. . .

ARGUS: The Frisco sound.

Zappa: Yeah, well sort of commercial. But they're turning out a really interesting record.

ARGUS: Do you consider weirdness weird or not?

Zappa: I don't think you and I are talking about the same weirdness.

ARGUS: When you sign a group, do you look for weirdness?

Zappa: I look for creativity. Beefheart's real. People ask me whether the *Uncle Meat* album is real. Americans are so used to being shit on that they can't believe anything. THAT'S why its so easy for them to believe other rock 'n' roll bands. To believe that they're real. And then think that we're imaginary. That's absurd. We just do what we want to do, and everyone says oh that's weird. And then the Vanilla Fudge comes out and people say that's real! That's got soul! I think the Vanilla Fudge is spectacular. In fact, when I did that convention in the Bahamas, Master, who used to be the President of MGM Records and is now the publisher of Billboard magazine, asked me if I would be the creative director at a festival of contemporary music, this coming October. And I'm going to put this monstrosity together. So what I'm going to do is hold it in Toronto. Get the Toronto Symphony and all these serious composers from Europe and then invite rock groups from around the world to lecture to the serious composers of the industry who never really understood the stuff that they were selling and also have these group explain what it is they do. I was going to invite the Vanilla Fudge to discuss their choreography, and discuss the evolution of their music, because I want to hear it. I want to have Jim Morrison tell me about his poetry and I want to have Jimi Hendrix talk about how to play the guitar with your teeth, and the proper technique with the lighter fluid when you set it on fire. I'll see if the Beatles want to come in and talk about meditation or whatever they're into. And then the groups have to listen to the works of these contemporary composers performed by the orchestra. Most rock musicians have never even been to an orchestra concert. They don't know what an orchestra is. They'd be surprised if they ever found out. And Master is all for this. He's already gone up and talked to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

ARGUS: Speaking of Symphony Orchestras, what do you think of the Moody Blues? Do you like them?

Zappa: No, I never listen to them.

See P. 23

Photos/Kip Meticare

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Atlantic Records Welcomes MC5

Kicking Out the Jams

"It's mind-blowing, earsplitting, stomach-churning. The souped-up music of the MC-5 starts off in high and never throttles down . . . up from the underground has come a real Detroit sound, pulsating with the belch of its smokestacks and beat of its machinery."

—Hubert Saal
Newsweek
May 19, 1969

ATLANTIC

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babylon

From P. 5

Almost everyone expects police officers to intimidate them, to harrass them and to sometimes club them—i.e. everyone who lives on the streets where "situations' happen.

And almost everyone else accepts this because police have always done things that way. Few would ever suppose that police intimidation and force usually fall outside the limits of legal police power.

Certainly not Avery Weiswasser, who admitted right away "I'm uncomfortable about prosecuting a police officer."

August was charged with first degree murder in the killing of Auburey Pollard during Detroit's black insurrection in 1967.

Pollard had been severely beaten and a shotgun had been cracked over his head before being shot in the Algiers Motel.

Detroit police and Michigan National Guardsmen had charged into the motel on the pretext of investigating sniper fire, fire which existed only in the panicky imagination of a Guardsman.

David Senak, Robert Paille and August were partners on the vice squad. They became key figures in the macabre "game" played at Algiers, where 10 black men and two white girls were living.

Senak and Paille took turns taking blacks into separate rooms and firing shots into the ceiling. Then they asked August, "Do you want to shoot one, too?

Senak is a brutal sadist who's been tied to five of the 43 killings during the riot. Paille admitted he and Senak murdered Fred Temple in the motel but they weren't charged because Paille hadn't been advised of his constitutional rights, rights which he supposedly had been explaining to everyone he'd arrested in the past.

August acknowledged he'd shotgunned Pollard.

No one has admitted to Carl Cooper's killing, the other black victim of the "game."

August said he took the battered Pollard into a room, that Pollard struggled and he shot him.

Whether or not there was a struggle, which the one witness to the killing disputed, Pollard's death was the ultimate, inevitable conclusion to routing police brutality magnified by the number of police with guns.

According to sixth-grade civics textbook sense, the overwhelming number of armed teenage blacks should have vetoed the use of any force.

When the police found no guns or ammunition, no evidence of sniper shooting, they should have simply left.

But the police manual says "use whatever force is needed" and the appetites of the more brutal cops fed the fear and racism of the weaker ones like August.

Under usually street conditions police do not have the privacy to carry their instincts to their logical conclusion. Nor do they usually have such a completely one-sided advantage where they stand no chance of some immediate retribution from armed blacks.

August's defense lawyers argued he should be excused because the killing happened under battlefield conditions.

Certainly it did. But it happened after the police had taken their prisoners of war, after they had interrogated and terrorized them, and after they had brutally bloodied them—the regular procedure of keeping law and order on the streets.

Only the actual killings were out of the ordinary, the inevitable result of a situation where police had all the power and blacks had none.

Weiswasser ignored all of this in his prosecution of August, instead trying to take the case out of context and concentrate on August as a one-man police breed.

If anything August is a typical cop—a 28-year-old family man, clarinet player, devout Catholic and lower-middle-class citizen—a man of strong religious and ethnic convictions and weak personal convictions.

In this case he was not so much a murderer as an accomplice to genocide.

In his closing argument Weiswasser turned his fury on "those jackasses who call the police 'pigs'." Most of Weiswasser's witnesses were blacks who justifiably called the police 'pigs.'

Weiswasser asked for a first degree murder charge for two reasons: (1) to isolate Pollard's death as the act of a calculated, cold-blooded killer rather than the logical extension of police power and (2) to keep August out of jail since he didn't have enough evidence to convict August on first degree.

Judge Beer cooperated with this line of reasoning by instructing the jury that only two verdicts were possible, first degree murder or acquittal, thus excluding second degree and manslaughter from the jury—a serious breach of judicial ethics according to many lawyers.

Still, no more a breach than the one between law and justice, between police powers and the Constitution, between the courts and the people.

Ironically for Weiswasser and Beer, their efforts to preserve the system and castrate justice may in this case have hurt more than helped the system.

Black resentment in Detroit needs only a few more celebrated injustices to trigger another insurrection. And this time 10 black teenagers aren't going to be caught in a motel without guns and ammunition.

* * *

As a footnote to the case: Auburey Pollard's brother is serving three to ten years in prison for stealing $7 from a newsboy. Ronald August never spent a night in jail.

HARVEY RIOT

From P. 6

Detroit newspaper and television reporters called police action "worse than any in the 1967 Detroit riot." Some compared it to police behaviour at last year's Chicago convention.

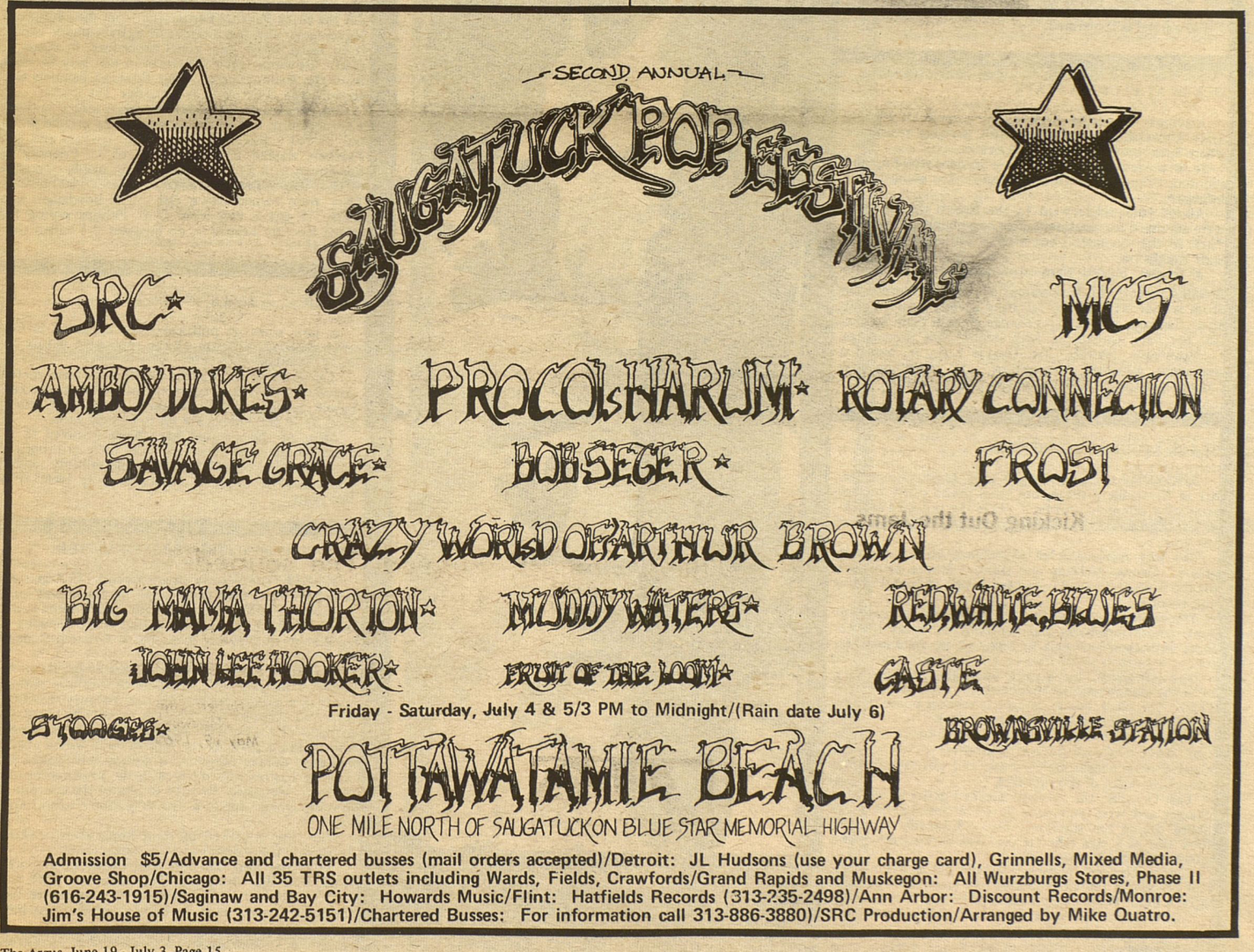
Police which numbered 500 by night's end repeatedly ignored press credentials and did not discriminate for the press in wielding their clubs. Also police units often broke ranks to hunt verbal and physical tormentors, sometimes driving them into corners and hitting them for several minutes.

Harvey's men used pepper gas, outlawed in the 1930's because of its lethal effects, and CS and CN gas, honed to perfection in the jungles of Vietnam. Harvey personally made four arrests.

Conveniently for Harvey the street confrontations came at a time when community pressure was mounting against him for his incompetent investigation of the six sex slayings [see page 24.].

Charlie Thomas, black radical, has been spearheading a recall campaign against him. Now informed sources within the city administration say Harris may support a more "legitimate" recall campaign.

Until then, however, Harris and Harvey have apparently found accomodation to be the better part of power.


SECOND ANNUAL
SAUGATUCK POP FESTIVAL
SRC
MC5
AMBOY DUKES
PROCOL HARUM
ROTARY CONNECTION
SAVAGE GRACE
BOB SEGER
FROST
CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN
BIG MAMA THORTON
MUDDY WATERS
RED WHITE BLUES
JOHN LEE HOOKER
FRUIT OF THE LOOM
CASTE
STOOGES
BROWNSVILLE STATION
Friday - Saturday, July 4 & 5/3 PM to Midnight/(Rain date July 6)
POTTAWATAMIE BEACH
ONE MILE NORTH OF SAUGATUCK ON BLUE STAR MEMORIAL HIGHWAY
Admission $5/Advance and chartered busses (mail orders accepted)/Detroit: JL Hudsons (use your charge card), Grinnells, Mixed Media, Groove Shop/Chicago: All 35 TRS outlets including Wards, Fields, Crawfords/Grand Rapids and Muskegon: All Wurzburgs Stores, Phase II (616-243-1915)/Saginaw and Bay City: Howards Music/Flint: Hatfields Records (313-235-2498)/Ann Arbor: Discount Records/Monroe: Jim's House of Music (313-242-5151)/Chartered Busses: For information call 313-886-3880)/SRC Production/Arranged by Mike Quatro.

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A "SOLE SURVIVOR" WINS DRAFT PLEA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court has ruled that "a sole surviving son" remains draft-exempt even after his mother dies and no longer requires his support. In a unanimous ruling on the case of Jack Frederick McKart of Hamilton, Ohio the Court overturned a Selective Service policy that strips exemption from registrants after their mothers die. The decision had implications for further court action against the draft.

The Selective Service interpretation was that draft exemption for sole surviving sons of men killed in battle was to spare mothers the financial blow of losing their sons in battle; also that Congress felt that there should be a limit to the sacrifices of one family for the national defense. But the Court, in an opinion written by Thurgood Marshall, saw another motive in the exemption: "a desire to avoid extinguishing the male line of a family by facilitatin the death in action of the only surviving son." To prevent such deaths, he ruled that sole surviving sons should continue draft-exempt even after their families dissolve upon their mothers' death.

But the importance of the decision goes beyond its creation of another category of exemption. In arriving at the ruling, the Court issued another ruling that could promote the greater use of the courts to challenge the draft: it held that if a draft registrant did not challenge the loss of exemption *within* the Selective Service appeals system, he could still challenge it in court if he was later tried for draft evasion. McKart, for example, lost his exemption and was reclassified 1-A when his mother died. He did not appeal the action, as he intended to refuse induction instead. But at his trial, the judge would not consider his charge that the reclassification was illegal, and he received a three-year prison sentence.

CAUTION: THE NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Thousands of people will be converging on Newport, Rhode Island this summer for the annual jazz festival. Usually it's a time for listening to good music, sleeping on the beach, drinking beer, and, occasionally, scuffling with the local gendarmes. But this year, the powers-that-be have more in store for jazz freaks—especially if they're also drug freaks. An informed source reports that the Boston Customs Bureau, working for the Treasury Departments Narcotics Squad, is busy making up lists of probable drug users, whom they plan to bust if they show up at Newport.

Forwarned is forearmed.

SICK-IN AT FLORIDA STATE

Attempts to outlaw SDS on the campus of Florida State University are meeting with growing resistance where latest protest action was a sick-in.

It all started at a rally when one student stood up and shouted, "I'm sick of this university! I'm going to the infirmary."

About 100 people went to the Health Center. Ten were admitted for treatment after complaining they were "sick to the stomach", but after a while the infirmary staff caught on.

A former Florida State student, Phil Sanford, was arrested recently for trespassing. He had been suspended from school after a demonstration against Army recruiters. Sanford, who is an exchange student from Australia, has been threatened with deportation procedings.

Meanwhile, Florida Gov. Claude Kirk, Jr. issued a statement attacking "disruption" and affirming that "the universities in Florida are citadels of freedom."

BLACK STUDENT CONVICTED

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—Pete Tigner, black student leader at Knoxville College, has been found guilty of "assault with intent to murder." He is charged with attacking a white cab driver during a protest on the campus last year.

The jury recommended a sentence of ten years in prison. George McDade and Howard Moore, attorneys for the student, immediately filed notice of appeal to the higher courts.

Tigner was convicted on the word of a former student, whose testimony was contradicted by all the defense witnessee—and even by some of the state's witnesses.

The cab driver, A.J. Boruff, was killed after he drove onto the campus during turmoil there early on March 9, 1968. The place was in an uproar because police had invaded the college ground the night before.

Tigner and two other students, all active in the militant Student Social Action Committee [SSAC], were charged with conspiring to arson and possessing explosive, in the wake of the shooting.

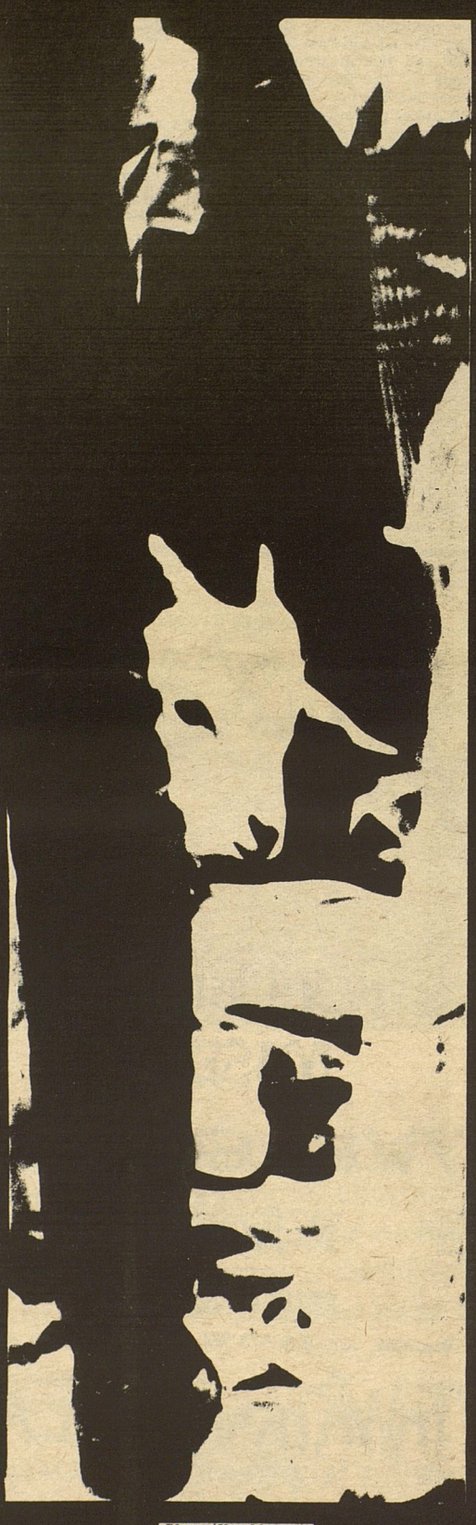
Last October, the students pleaded guilty to reduced charges and were sentenced to serve time in the workhouse during the summer. Many Knoxville residents took this as a sign that the city was backing down and admitting it had no real case.

Tigner, however, had been singled out as the leader—and charges of felonious assault and arson were brought against him. These charges came to trial on May 6.

Tigner denied shooting at the cab, and witnesses said they did not see him with a gun.

LEAD

From Liberation



Photo/Kip Mercure

PANTHERS LAUNCH LEGAL COUNTEROFFENSIVE IN FEDERAL COURTS

NEW YORK—The Panther 21 have launched a legal counteroffensive in the federal courts, designed to bring relief from the incredible destruction of justice currently practiced by the state courts and prisons. About 200 members and friends of the Black Panther Party showed up at the Federal Courthouse at Foley Square June 3 to lend support to the 21.

The Panther 21 were arrested in New York City April 2, and have been held since, in 7 different jails, on the absurdly trumped-up charges of conspiracy to blow up local department stores, cop stations, and the botanical gardens. Since then they have had 9 different hearings designed to reduce the bail of $100,000 each, get them out on a writ of habeas corpus, and cause them to be joined [they have deliberately been kept apart by the courts to keep them from planning their defense].

Employing legal manipulations like those used while the Nazis were taking over Germany, the courts have managed to turn deaf ears on all the actions. The same judge who signed the midnight arrest warrants set the bail, and then ran the bail reduction hearing; at one time a lenient judge was whisked out of court and replaced with a hanging judge minutes before the 21 case came up; defense lawyers were threatened with contempt for their frankness in defending their clients; defendants were not produced by the state for their own court appearances; the D.A.'s number one flunkey produced a pipe in court and implied that it was a confiscated Panther bomb; D.A. Hogan made TV appearances to badmouth those arrested even before the ink was dry on the charges; and "high police sources" leaked nonsense scare stories to the yellow press—Cuba and China support the Panthers, and the Panthers steal city funds intended for the poor.

According to the procedures of so-called "due process", the Panthers cannot seek relief in the Federal courts until they have exhausted all effective routes for obtaining relief in the state courts. Jefry Lefcourt, Bill Kunstler and the other defense lawyers claim this has already been done, even though additional appeals through these lower channels still remain.

The lawyers have now gone into court with a demand for a show cause hearing to force the State Commissioner of Corrections to release the prisoners or lower their bail, or else to show that no injustice or violation of procedures has taken place which would deny the Panther 21 a fair trial.

While no one really expects the Federal courts to be any fairer than the state courts, the action will allow all the harassment to be brought out in public more.

Attorney Lefcourt has previously stated that he feels the case is part of a Federal conspiracy designed to wipe out the Black Panther Party. And from the extent of the harassment, and the number of extraordinary variations from usual court and penal procedure, it seems he is right. However some reduction in bail may be possible from the legal actions. Judge Edmund Palmieri will reconvene the court soon to consider the matter.

But because of the political powers affecting the case, a reduction in bail probably won't help get the prisoners out of jail. Recently, one of the lawyers and several Panthers walked into the office of a "Friendly" bail-bondsman with $10,000 cash in their hands—the amount of cash bail normally needed to meet a $100,000 bond. They were turned down flat. The bondsman said to them, "I got a call from D.A. Phillips saying that I would lose my license to do business if I bailed out the Panthers."

POLITICAL TRIALS IN GREECE

A new wave of political trials appeared in Greece amid growing criticism of the repressive nature of the military junta.

Jail terms of six months to life have been meted out already to 28 Greeks convicted of "subversive activities" before special military tribunals. Six other trials of a total of 36 defendants are set to be held soon.

Most of the accused have been involved in underground resistance movements; the mere printing and distribution of propaganda against the military regime is a crime punishable under martial law, by terms of up to five years.

ANTI-PLAYBOY STRIPPERS CONVICTED

MONTEZUMA, Iowa—Eight Grinnell College students have been convicted on charges of "open and indecent or obscene exposure." The eight, five women and three men, took off their clothes during a talk given by a representative of Playboy magazine at Grinnell College, on February 5.

Poweshiek County District Court Judge R. G. Yoder boxed in the jury with instructions carefully planned to result in a guilty verdict. He told the jury that the only factor to consider was whether or not the students had stripped. He described indecent exposure as "an exhibition of those parts of the human body which instinctive modesty, human decency, or natural self-respect require shall be customarily covered in the presence or view of others." He asked the jury to ignore the content of the protest—which opposed the magazine's exploitation of sex.

The jury consisted of eight housewives, a farmer, a druggist, a truck driver and a business owner.

After the trial, the foreman, owner of a sportswear store, said that the jurors were impressed with the students' arguments, but felt they had no choice because the judge "laced us in so tightly on what was indecent and obscene."

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LINES

News Service

REPRESSION IN ARKANSAS

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark.—Sixteen persons, seven of them members of the two-week old Fayetteville Chapter of SDS, were arrested in a so-called narcotics raid in the early morning hours of May 24. All of the sixteen were charged with possession of marijuana. More arrests are expected in the current attack of repression.

Twenty-one city, state, country, and federal officers participated in the raids, which occurred simultaneously at three different houses at 3:30 a.m.

The political nature of the raids was made evident in statements issued to the press by Asst. Chief of Police Wayne Stout in which he said, "We pretty well cleaned out that SDS group."

Funds for legal defense should be sent to the Fayetteville Defense Committee, 14 N. Duncan Avenue, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701

ROCKY—M.O.M.A.'S BOY

NEW YORK—One hundred fifty supporters of the Artists' Coalition picketed guests at the Museum of Modern Art [MOMA] as they arrived for a preview of the Nelson Rockefeller exhibit on May 26.

The demonstrators were there "to save artists the embarassment of being identified with Rockefeller's political ambitions and the trustees of the museum who assume that they are the ones who establish cultural values."

The artists argue that the same elite which promotes racism at home, excludes black artists and sterilizes any social art that slips through [such as posters from the May, 1968 Paris uprising] is scarcely fit to determine what is "good art."

Rocky made his idea of "good art" pretty clear in the following statements he made:

"I finally said, 'Look, Diego, we just can't have this. Art is free in its expression, but this is not something you're doing for yourself, nor for us private collectors. This is a commercial undertaking. Therefore, we have to do something that is not going to offend our customers but that is going to give them pleasure and joy. Instead you included just about every sensitive political and religious subject in your mural."

—at The New School, 1967

"I am not really concerned with what the artist means. . ."

—Rockefeller, New York Times

"I buy art mostly from catalogues. . .Sometimes the people at MOMA help me screen things too."

—Member of the Policy Committee for the Collection of Masterworks, 1969

The Artists' Coalition observed that "In the world today, all culture, all literature, and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that is detached from or independent of politics."

RIGHTER THAN RIGHT

There's a right-wing movement, believe it or not, which plans to challenge the regime of Prime Minister John Voster in South Africa. The rightists are organizing within the ruling National Party, and they see Vorster as moving away from the principles of white supremacy and afrikaner nationalism.

MACE MAIMS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Joseph Page, associate law professor at Georgetown Univ. has submitted documentary evidence to a Senate subcommittee that Chemical Mace now used by over 4000 police departments, may cause permanent injury.

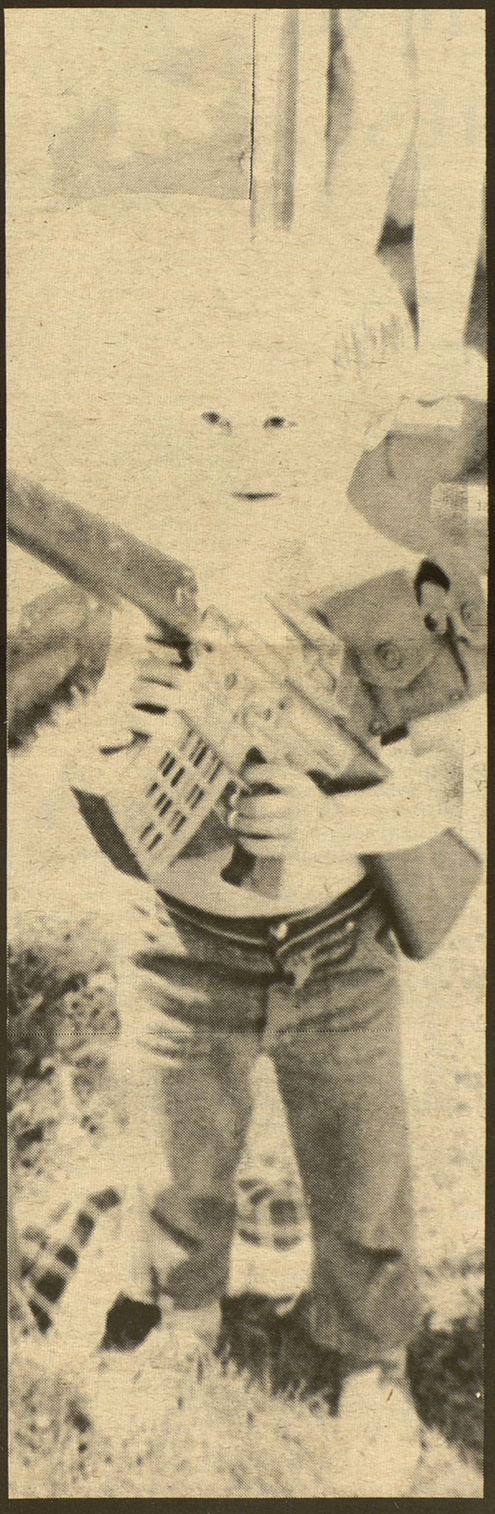
His evidence follows testimony to the contrary by Herbet Ley, the new Federal Commissioner of Food and Drugs, and by the General Ordnance Equipment Corporation, which manufactures Mace. Ley testified that the FDA had "absolutely no report of permanent human injury resulting from the use of Chemical Mace formations," Spokesmen for General Ordnance said that no documented case of permanent injury from the use of Chemical Mace had been discovered.

But Prof. Page cited three cases which suggested the opposite.

In the first, Clark Jennings, a 68-year-old lawyer, was squirted in the face with Mace at close range by a policeman in Winter Park, Fla. last year in a dispute over a traffic violation. Jennings developed corneal edema and conjunctivitis—watering and reddening of the eyes. Seven months later, an eye specialist found a swelling of the cornea that would be permanent, with loss of vision ultimately possible. A year later, another doctor said that corneal edema still existed.

In the second case, a three-month-old infant developed toxic bronchitis and pneumonitis [inflammation of the lungs] after inhaling a chemical spray a year ago when police arrested his father in Portland, Maine. Page quoted the father's lawyer as saying that the baby "still has trouble with his chest."

Finally, Thomas Craig of Sarasota, Fla., suffered eye damage from the impact of Streamer, an aerosol spray weapon similar to Mace.



Photo/Kip Mercure

THAT'S ONE OFF THE BOOKS

WESTMINSTER, Md.—Irving K. West had just returned from the Army when he got into a fight on Main Street, Westminster, Maryland and was arrested. He has already paid his fine [$25] and served his time [30 days], but he is the last person the State of Maryland will ever convict for swearing at an arresting officer; the state's 246-year-old blasphemy law has finally been judged archaic.

Historically the penalty for a first offense was "a hole to be bored through the tongue;" for a second offense the culprit was liable to be stigmatized by "the single letter B burned on the forehead;" and for a third offense the incorrigible blasphemer was "sentenced to death without benefit of clergy."

As he was arrested West had said, "Take your goddam hands off me."

BLACK LIGHT OVER THE WORLD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Mysteriously veiled sources have discovered the latest in the army's developing arsenal of riot equipment. The new device is an infra-red spotlight which, placed at the end of a block, can light the entire street for soldiers wearing special goggles.

This reflects the army's continuing effort to keep those in the light in the dark.

WEST POINT CLAMPS DOWN ON TELEPHONE "OPERATORS"

It doesn't pay to give the Movement more credit than it's worth at least when it comes to making illegal telephone calls.

That's what four cadets at the U.S. Military Academy discovered when they got their hands on what they thought was the SDS telephone credit card number. The cadets made $562 worth of calls "charged to SDS." But it turned out that the number was phony.

"You must know we have no credit," an SDS National Office spolesman told an inquisitive New York Times reporter.

The four cadets received demerits and long punishment tours; they denied that they were SDS members, and claimed to have "no sympathy for its revolutionary causes."

But the SDS spokesman claimed that SDS does in fact have members inside the elite Cadet Corps. The Commandant of Cadets, Brig. Gen. Bernard W. Rogers said however, that there were no radicals at West Point

NUDES PROTEST PLAYBOY AT ANTIOCH

YELLOW SPRINGS, Ohio—A fashion photography crew from Playboy Magazine—described by the daily News as "four guys and one good-looking chick"—recently went to Antioch College, "bastion of New Left radicalism", to shoot pictures for the magazine's fall fashion forecast. Before the five departed in disarray: five male students paraded nude to protest Playboy's "glorification" of nude women; members of the Women's Liberation movement accused Playboy of exploiting women as playthings and their "mindless flaunting of the female body;" the crew's supply of men's fashions were stolen and then returned by students who intended to mail the clothes back to Chicago.

President of the Antioch Community government, Peter Fessenden, said that part of the protest was because "we're tired of people coming here because of our radical, hippie, New Left image. We're tired of being a zoo." When asked if the five nude men [the sight of which caused the Playboy girl to turn several shades of red and leave the room] were arrested, Fessenden said, "Of course not. They wouldn't arrest anyone for that here." Back in Chicago, a Playboy spokesman stated, "We're in favor of nudity, but the only thing about nude college students is that they look so funny."

CANADA IS OPEN TO DESERTERS

MONTREAL—Deserters from the U.S. Armed Forces will be welcome immigrants to Canada, according to new regulations announced recently by Canadian authorities.

Deserters have found haven in Canada before, but their status has been in doubt. The current decision in favor of the deserters drew on an important legal-historical point: from 1939 to 1941, before U.S. entry into World War II, Canadian deserters were permitted to enter the U.S. to settle.

The American Deserters Committee in Montreal hailed the government ruling as a victory, noting that it was a result of considerable public pressure from anti-war groups, the United Church of Canada, the New Democratic Party and even the established mass media.

The ADC had this advice for deserters thinking about moving to Canada:

"When a guy deserts, he should enter Canada as a visitor or tourist and get in touch with one of the anti-draft or anti-military groups for counselling."

Deserters should not apply at the border for immigration—even though such application is now permitted, because it is essential that they be properly prepared to make application. For info, contact ADC, 1227 Wolfe Street, Montreal, phone: 514-521-4113.

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THE GREAT PENTAGON HUNCHING CONTEST

by Ed Sanders

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Fug/Poet Ed Sanders recently completed a poetry reading circuit around the country, giving benefits for the Resistance. In this piece, which will be published in Paris Review sometime in the future, he describes the factual and heretofore unrevealed account of how Yippie was founded.

In the summer of 1969, one of the most important events in the history of western civilization took place, the great Pentagon hunching contest. To understand its significance one must know a few facts about some of the great men of the twentieth century, men like Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Black Hobart, Piano Wire Louie and Paul Krassner, who are the mirthless chromosome-damaged inner core of the holy citadel of Yippie.

Just who ARE the Yippies? "Who are these crazed creatures who reverence fire?"—as the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff asked in an angry letter to the state department just before the Democratic Convention in 1968. Let me say briefly at once that they can best be described as a magico-atheist communarian Solar Brigade. Acting under precise orders from a council of Gods and I-mouthed saucer people, they are here, in the electromagnetic Aeon, to create a benevolent demo-powered civilization based on principles of enforced sharing.

Our story begins with a god, Abbott Hoffman, a holy man with heaven-programmed energy, intelligence and responsibility. Abbie has always had incredible social responsibility. Abbie has always had incredible social mobility within the honk-strata of American civilization. He exists in a frenzy of phone calls and meetings with the high, the humble and the horny. His circle of acquaintances includes generals, former presidents, poets, diplomats, enemy agents, assassins, church rectors, international dope dealers, premiers and others. He is always telephoning governors and receiving coded messages from foreign capitols or debriefing vomit-chinned Yippie goonagents returning from missions of murth-work.

One hot July day Abbie was out on a Pentagon yacht cruising on the Potomac, taking acid with some crypto-left wing airforce officers. They brought with them assorted weirdos and nooky hunks, including Aunt No-No and their latest sex sensation, a robot equipped with genitalia and programmed to have a rapacious sex drive. The robot was immediately ordered to bed by the women aboard, who stood in a line outside the bedroom shifting impatiently from foot to foot like needful ladies at the john door of an overcrowded night club, waiting for some of that good old android bod.

On deck, jacking off with the aid of a musk melon, Abbie was subtly coaxing out of a drunken general on mescaline, certain classified airforce secrets about the I-mouthed saucer people. When the general's orderly heard this he quickly whisked the general, also an occultist specializing in plaster casting werewolf tracks, below deck and Abbie was sorely wroth. As he was coming, Abbie went down to watch the robot fuck the airforce ladies. He stood by the bed for some time and he began to deprecate the performance of the android and generally to sneer and scoff at it to the point where he challenged, literally, the robot to a fucking contest.

The generals on the yacht assembled and set up a wager with Abbie hoping to puke him out of the Movement. The conditions were these: if Abbie won the hunching games the airforce would disclose to him all their information about the I-mouthed saucer people, emissaries from the Council of Eye Forms, a galactic community consisting of Buddha, Ra, Thoth, Jesus, Che, Malcolm X, D. A. Levy, and Aphrodite Cloacina. If Abbie lost the contest he would leave the movement.

It was decided to hold the hunch match out of doors on the grassy hillock at the apex of the triangular mall south of the Pentagon at exactly noon, August 17, 1967, the day on which the airforce of the United States of America and its android cock-churl were outfucked by the majesty of the Aeon, Abbie Hoffman, serene and sunlike. Journalists were to be barred except for the CIA agent reporters from the large New York newspapers.

Abbie spent several hours before the match practicing. It was great seeing him able, before a jaded table of sunglassed generals, to pick up a yippie button with the mouth of his cock tip or casually to toss pizza dough into the air and ejaculate holes into it as it whirred over head. To aid in the production of sperm doctors at Johns Hopkins had perfected for Abbie battery powered nut-pacers situated on each side of his scrotal sac like the knobs on Herman Munsters neck. He tested these, pinging a target at exactly 15 minute intervals, sending a whirling white spurt blob in an arcing trajectory. We all marveled at the hollow ptooey-ing sound Abbie's genitals effected when he came; roman candles on the 4th of July being the nearest sound to it we could imagine. Teenage girls stood about in a hungry circle gulping down the rivers of saliva filling their mouths, as Abbie practiced.

Abbie took delight in spurting upon the newsmen and security officer types that stood about taking pictures, trying to appear calm as they danced around dodging the dong rain. This particular crisis was settled by the genius of the Navy which phoned in a helicopter drop of laboratory frocks and ski masks for people to wear.

Abbie had requested, mostly thru arrogance, volunteer sexual partners from the women's air corps. These stood in a long line stretching from the edge of the bed to the Pentagon boat basin, at parade rest, each holding a kit of towels and medications in their left hand and a picture of John Dos Passos in their right. Their uniforms had been cut away around the nooky as a gesture of accommodation toward Abbie who is known to experience acute metaphysical distress whenever he is unable to commence hunching immediately. Also standing by in military convoy trucks were 124 secretaries from the national bureau of standards, should the contest require them.

Oddly enough, the robot only had one partner, which startled us, but even more amazing was the knowledge upon seeing her, that she was culled from the left wing. In fact, at the time of the fucking contest, she was an aide to one of the National Mobilization Against the War in Vietnam. Later, in Chicago, she became a Yippie love slave. In reality she was an undercover police agent. When she was exposed to us as a police officer, we rolled all over the floor laughing, remembering how zealously she had fucked the robot. However, in her own analysis of the situation contained in testimony before the senate armed services committee, she had simply fucked a robot for reasons of national security.

The two beds, each lit by a hooded pool room lamp, were situated side by side on the grassy croft and each was outfitted with an accessory table littered with Ponds cold cream, extra sheets, french ticklers, kleenex, mirrors, marijuana, sex implements of every description, tiny bedside porn projectors, grave flowers, pictures of plane wrecks, etc. Each was equipped also with a network of drain tubes attached to a large onyx piscina for the overflow unh-slobber. The rules were that no one was to stop fucking. If, by an act of God, the fucking was interrupted, Abbie and the robot were to stand at attention, erect, until circumstances permitted resumption of dorking.

The robot's twat-snorkle was spiraling about in griseous cobraic arcs, pores from the side oozing scented purple lubricant. From a distance the android dong looked like an electric toothbrush with a goat foot attachment. This cant be!—she thought as she pressed on her contact lenses. Up close it revealed itself as a sinister godless tube of oleoginous metal. She heard the gun go off. The contest was joined. Her cheeks were swept with tears of joy and eyelining ran down her nose when the robot, its ventilators hissing with horniness, grabbed her and jabbed its steely pud tip up against her ziggurat, notifying her with metalloid voice as follows: "fuck now, pig!" Eager as she was to get pumped, she begged first to suck on the metal dong of the robot, not as an act of arousal, but

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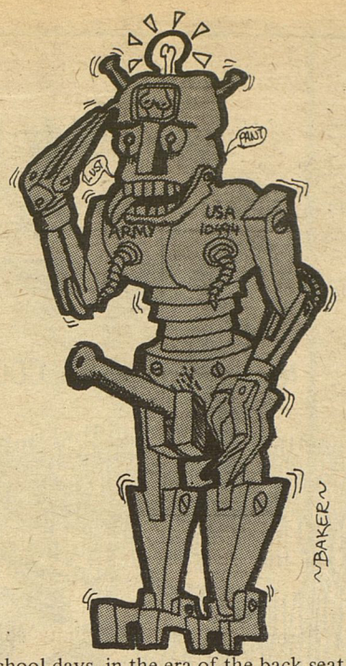

because she was wont, ever since her high school days, in the era of the back seat boogie, to scarf the dick of her hump partner before impletion. The robots 3rd eye screen flashed an OK OK from the computer in reply and the girl was thrilled.

The shiny chromium cock tip gleamed with light and like a fist, punched her mouth with staccato insistancy until somehow her jaws drew far apart enough for it to enter. Her lips slipped over as much as she could scarf up and she giggled as she huffed steam upon the hot polished shaft. Inside the prick, attached to the spurt sluice, was an eely pink metal spring-driven tongue capable of darting out lizardlike from the prod head to titillate, sting, poke and fondle the inner cunt surface for the purpose of transcendent Aeonic feminine orgasm. Thru the water pistol nozzle of the tip of the helixial box skewer, thin jets of dope mist would hiss out like a water pic. Many women, once dorked by the android, prayed to the Lord for even just 30 seconds more of the frenzied inner curlings and wriglings of the clitorooter.

She sucked hard as she could upon the metal dong so much so that she fractured the heat circuits in the prod and it became totally cold as it raped her throat, the dong tongue jabbing her back palate in even patterns with micro cocaine injections. The coldness excited her even more, she screaming: "piss on my tits! piss on my tits!"—a difficult thing for a robot to accomplish. What it did was to discharge its reserve oil supply from the tank in its thigh, the girl shrailing in orgasms by the feeling of the warm colloid skeining her breasts. Sometimes the motherfucker was vicious. With an inscrutable robotic leer he would draw out and pause and he would watch her crossing her eyes to focus in and read the bright florescent mandalic grope charm painted on the imitation circumcision bevel. Then he would pistol whip her face with his cock, flipping suck-drool on her cheeks. She liked it. All the while the third eye screen on the metalman's forehead was flickering with images of werewolves, dungeons, android changelings and fornicating armies of skeletons. Somebody with a weird head had programmed his sex fantasies I must say.

Gasps of happiness went up from the crowd when the android slid his metal toe into her anus, jabbing and scrounging within the fairspoken distended dimensions of the dooky valve as, may Ra stand by my side, the young lady's toes, covered with the menstrual blood of a raccoon, slid into his mouth. Have you ever seen a robot puke? At this point she swooned into a sex trance, dreaming that she was being fucked by a golden winged lizard, her total desire, louisville slugger, and intercourse with a bull moose, dick tied with silver Tibetan braiding to keep the blood in, whirring lizard wings fanning and slightly beating her sex starved tit tips. She was the only woman in the world to experience mammarial orgasm, the muscles twitching in abandon, exudate and tit wax spitting into the air from the heavenly wen. She was brought back by the low pissed-off muttering of the robot. The robot would be sucked no more. He wanted poozle, immediately.

His pincers caught her up and smished her against the mattress. Then, as the generals sweated in silence, he whipped his wire in her, the cunt hardly able to bear the painful insertion of the robot penis. Her legs quickly wrapped around his naugahyde covered back as she moaned: "hunch me, Andy, hunch me and fuck me!!"—her fingers digging into his grey plastic shoulder.

"Ho ho!" chortled the robot, clicking a scan question through his computer. It takes an android two fuck strokes before he can ascertain the true desires of the female. "the pig is a beat me beat me." Reciting a prayer to the concept of the spread shot, the robot forced her legs apart locking them into the v-frame. Out of thimble like compartments under the robot's armpits marched the chirping metallic gash-locusts, squeaking in evilness, each holding in one of its mandibles a tiny battery powered clit flail. The horny metal locusts lined in a circle about the purpling clitoris of the girl and proceeded to lash and pummel it, creating a delicate criss crossed pain pattern in the sebacious ooze-cover of the poon tab. She came almost immediately, cursing the vampires and praising flowers, peace, communality, redemption and the fig fist. As she threshed, hunching and culminating in the sunlight, she gnashed her bicuspids into the interlocking plasteroid coils of his neck, breaking them, worshipping with her twittering heinie in drool-smile rapacity, the violent twat shredding android suck-fuck. After each orgasm she straightened her eye makeup, still fucking, and blew kisses to the generals, flashing them left wing sex-mudras with her fingers.

It was a ritual of beauty and every face stared upward as Abbie descended from the hovering helicopter entirely naked with a hardon, singing a hymn of salvation thru smut and holding a bundle of corn sheaves in his arms. His membrum was capped by a silver with pearl inlay dick tip thimble inscribed, in Gaelic, with Aleister Crowley's immortal words: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. Love is the law, love under will."

Once on the ground, he slipped into his ape-face sandals and walked to the bed, circling, consecrating and exorcising it with a trail of oatmeal. Fearing the possibility of vampires among the onlookers, Abbie placed lsd-smeared cruciform roach clips every 15 degrees around the consecrated circle. Then he prayed to the four winds and the four elements, howling in various arcane languages and calling down as witness to the contest an impressive list of Gods and numina. It was important to Abbie to secure, from the point of view of the occult, the circumstances of the fuck match. Into the crotch of an elm tree nearby he placed a phallic herm upon which he dripped a vial of sacramental LSD mixed with the neck blood of an undercover federal narcotics agent wounded in a scuffle with street punks. Forthwith he drew a Coptic love spell on a gazelle hide with his magic marker and dispatched a Pentagon orderly to the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia to bury it at the mouth of three springs. Finally, Abbie held aloft the duplex cornucopia of muskrat saliva, chanted Pindar's 1st Olympian Ode, then poured the grim gruel upon the ground at the feet of the robot, screaming in an oriental tongue: "hail fucking! hail dope! hail force share! hail God!" This done, he was ready to fuck.

Abbie had decided to change gropemates every 3rd orgasm. He was accompanied by two female assistants. One he called Handmaiden to the Phantom, whose duties included the changing of the sheets, footsucking and fulfilling Abbie's auxiliary sexual whims. The other, whom he called Madame Bun Doctor was clad only in a necklace of acorns and a miniskirt made from tanned pygmy groin-skins. Her function was to slip the necklace of acorns into Abbie's ass and pull a start the lawnmower routine on it just he was coming.

He prayed over the sexual lubricant in the alabaster jar and swirled his cock directly into it, signalling to one of the air corps volunteers to grab her ankles as he oiled himself up like a hustler chalking a pool cue. He fucked this way, in the anklegrab position until her heard the starters gun, at which point he whirled about, faced the bed and leaped up into the air toward it, executing a forward one and a half somersault with a full twist and landed on all fours on the mattress ready to grope.

She undid herself. How beautiful it is to watch a lady unharness her flesh, with the finger, foot or snorkle; her brassiere spread casually over the dope-strewn table touching the various glazed squack-juice-suffused sex implements. She dabbed cold cream on the tops of her knockers, pressed them together and spoke in low raspy tones of lust: "fuck my breasts, Abbie."

For weeks Abbie had sought to figure out the weaknesses, if any, of the robot. The breakthrough came from the United Nations. A foremost computer scientist has a brother who is a high U.N. official. This scientist is linked by marriage to an occult treason ring at the Pentagon which had certain data about how Abbie might win the fucking contest. The occultists decided to leak the data to a UN delegate from Pakistan who was sorely pissed at the United States because a CIA agent had made a pass at his mother at a cocktail party. Advanced age gropers make the best agents according to the Langley computer. The ambassador was to spew the info on to Hoffman. Accordingly, on August 16, Abbie received a coded cable paid for by the Secretariat of the United Nations.

The information was this: at one time the robot had been programmed to be a faggot. To please the pleasures of a extremely influential person at the Pentagon for robot boy butt, the robot was programmed and equipped for his gratification. Each morning the android's ass was upholstered with a hand-stitched covering of genuine peach skins for the admiral to kiss before anal impletion. I puked when the cable came with this information. I must free myself more for such data. Troubled by my vom-spray, I went to Central Park that Sunday, took three doses of acid and stared at the statue of William Shakespeare there by the Sheep Meadow. Jesus and Shakespeare both spoke to me, the both of them singing so delicately of triumph, peace and the forthcoming Aeon of Yippie.

When recording tape is stored heads out, sometimes the signals recorded on it will spontaneously duplicate themselves on other parts of the tape. This is known as "print-through," a bane to rock groups as well as, in this case, the military. In 1966 the CIA was hyped by a large American chemical company into purchasing several boxcars of sleazy experimental .5 mil chromium based tape which was to print through to an incredible degree. This hype tape was put into extensive use in the top secret android sex research. So the robots sex tapes were so totally fucked by print-thru that when it was reprogrammed to be heterosexual most of its former cornhole-queen instructions remained on its reels. Abbie rejoiced when he learned this and, smug with knowledge, prepared for the contest.

After 6 hours of fucking, Abbie gave a signal to the Handmaiden of the Phantom who set loose some sparrows above the robots head as a decoy to cloud its computer. It didn't work. But then, appearing from nowhere, a young manly left wing agent disguised as a boy scout sauntered up to the bed where the android was feverishly humping. The boy made sucking sounds with his teeth and unfastened his belt to send his well pressed sea scout britches nestling to his feet. He bent over, his buttocks flaring like a fan, to proffer his handsome, smooth and hungry posteriors for the robot to cornhole. Alien lust clicked thru the robots brain. The metalman dropped the girl and whirled whirring toward the boys buns, spewing a vapor of confused depravity thru its ventilators. We cheered as the android impaled the young man's brown eye and pandemonium broke out in the left wing camp. But when Abbie claimed victory the officials disallowed it and told Abbie to fuck off. This act, an act of bad faith by the military was the beginning of the dissolution of western civilization.

Abbie ran around in all directions, consumed with rage, cursing the Pentagon and summoning Mandaean roof demons. "i don't have to take this frog vomit from anyone!!" —he screamed and then he lifted his arms to the sky and prayed: "O Holy Jesus, Malcolm, Thoth & Ra! O Thousand-breasted Nooky Geist! O Strangless of the Aeon! Come thou to aid me to stomp ass on these jive motherfucking pork honks! May their children shit in their sleeping mouths! May the young rise up against them without end! May they live in a vale of mosquito urine in the Ain-sof! May the power of the American military cease in the caustic drool-coils of the Abyss!!" He raved for hours and slowly people left until he was all alone, cackling and cursing in the moonlight. At midnight he performed a solemn ritual of desolation. He stood on the hillock, wearing only a wolfskin. He lifted up the sacrificial grey flint knife over his head and screamed with every passionate fiber of his being and drove the knife forward to stab the earth at the apex of the triangle in front of the Pentagon, driving the doom blade into the oculus of the so-called Novum Ordo Seclorum. With this act began a magical annihilation of the power of the Pentagon.

Later in the fall of 1967 Abbie led the world famous exorcism of the Pentagon. As we all know, the position of the United States in the world balance of power has declined accordingly, crippled by the magical lattice set loose in the Aeon by the great spiritual leader, Abbie Hoffman, in grace and in majesty.

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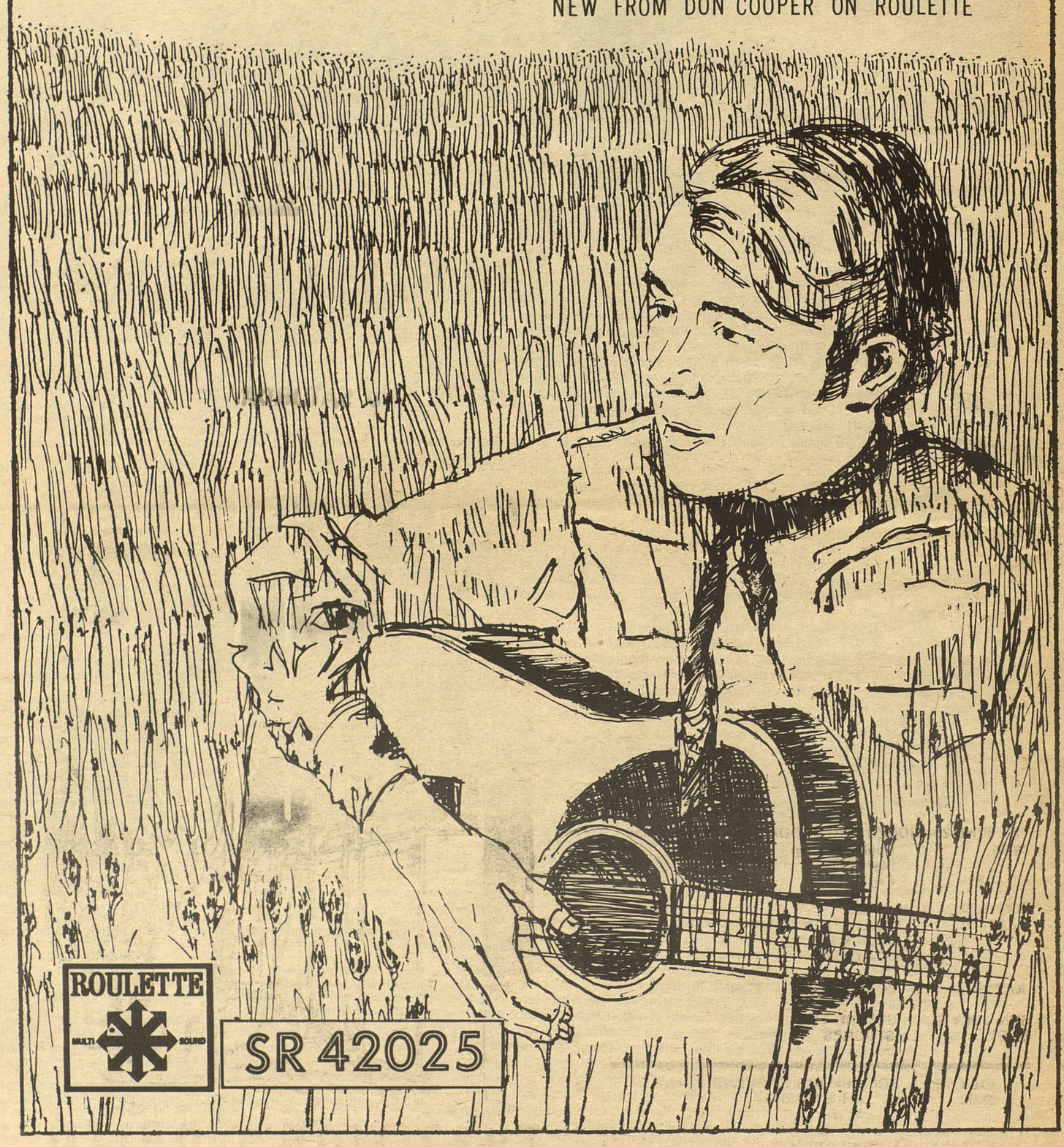

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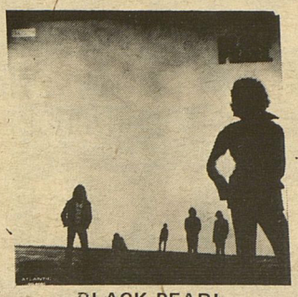

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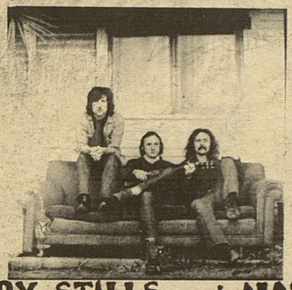

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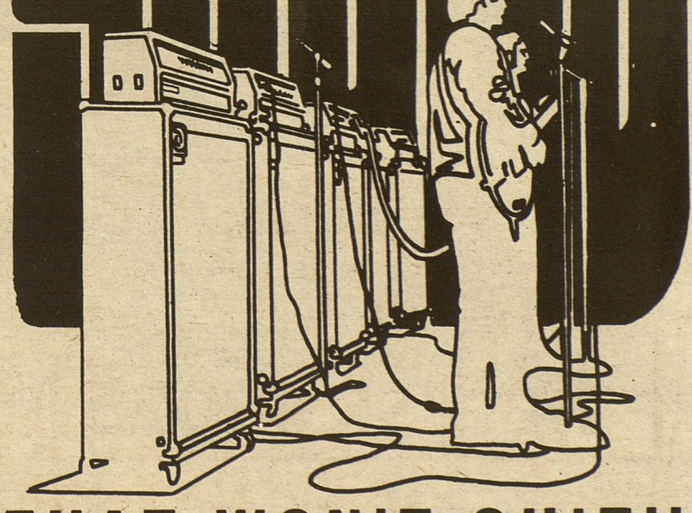

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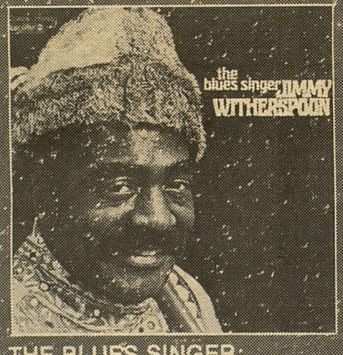
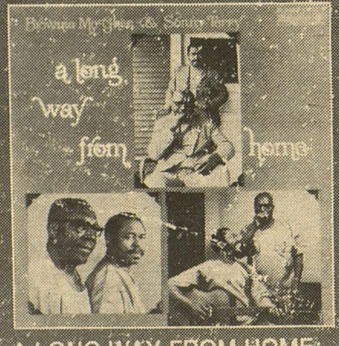
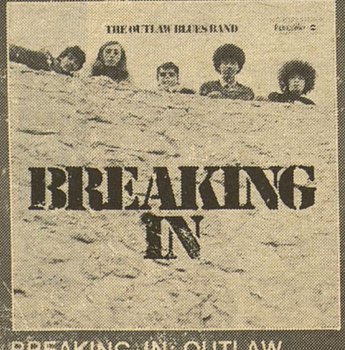


THE BLUES SINGER: JIMMY WITHERSPOON
BLS-6026



A LONG WAY FROM HOME: BROWNIE McGHEE & SONNY TERRY
BLS-6028

...OF THE BLUES: GEORGE SMITH
BLS-6029



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Blues

by W. Rexford Benoit

In past years, our city council has touted Ann Arbor as an "All-American city." Some big magazine, Life or Look if memory serves, even wrote a story on our town.

Despite all thsi chauvinistic hawg doo-doo, work goes on to make Ann Arbor a first-rate musical cultural center.

The latest effort is a blues festival planned for August and featuring many musical giants, among them Big Mama Thoraton, Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, and B.B. King [whew].

Sponsors assured me last week of the following schedule:

August 1 [Friday evening]—B.B. King, Fred McDowell, "St. Louis" Jimmy Oden, Junior Wells, Jimmy Dawkins, J.B. Hutto and The Hawks.

August 2 [evening]—Clifton Chenier, Sleepy John Estes, Roosevelt Sykes, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Luther Allison's Blue Nebulae.

August 3 [afternoon]—Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Oden, Roosevelt Sykes, Big Mama Thornton, Fred King.

August 3 [evening]—James Cotton, Lightning Hopkins, Sonny House, Charley Musselwhite and Freddy Roulette, and T-Bone Walker.

The festival will be in the field near Huron Towers and the municipal golf course, so maybe you can figure out how to get in for free

If not, individual concerts cost $5 and the series general admission [four concerts] is $14. Jams after concerts free with concert admission [which I hardly need point out is not really free at all], or otherwise $1.50.

Saturday workshops and lectures are $2, but remember that musicians are more famous for their music than their lectures.

These prices are not really exerbitant considering the cost of single artist concert in Detroit, and the principal sponsors state they are not thinking about porfits—only about breaking even so the festival can return next year.

Further, they are negotiation with the city fathers to obtain a park where visitors can sleep free.

Should you feel term between the Ann Arbor festival and the Atlantic City pep festival occurring coincidentally, bear in mind that one of America's pep giants and an Atlantic City act, Janis Joplin, had turned sour and laid an egg when she appeared in Ann Arbor last winter while her "supporting" act, James Cotton, was great.

ARGUS NEEDS: People who want to help. Type, do art work (!), learn layout, fuck, WRITE, sweep, help pastup night, and, DISTRIBUTORS. Come in and we'll talk. ARGUS, 725 N. University. No. 7.

Why

by Ken Kelley

In cool retrospect, I will not try to rationalize my actions of Tuesday night. I did what I though someone had to do.

Arthur Mendel, U of M history radical, came up to me and said he thought someone should address the people gathered at South U.—for the people. At the time, Harvey, courageously sporting his busted arm had blocked off the street—he had the state pigs in front of the people on South U., and his busses at the back behind the people. Someone had just said, "They had intercepted a police report where Harvey's men would move down the front and force people down the street and herd them into busses." Harvey had just said he'd move within 10 minutes. More and more people were throwing bottles and stones at the front line of state troopers.

Fleming was running around like a labor mediator with his head cut off, "C'mon, let's all just move back: move back, so we can get the police out of the streets."

I had the instant vision of the pigs herding the people into the busses, splitting heads as they went, as they had earlier in the night. Three contingents of sheriff's deputies from neighboring counties had just moved in for action, and were lined up ready to reinforce Harvey's.

I did not now want to see people in jail on jive charges with "riot" bails, but out in the streets where people belong. And without the pig harrassment that exists on South U. on even a normal day. So Mendel and I walked up to Harvey and Deputy Chief Harold Olson, and told Olson we needed a megaphone. Olson gave it to me, hesitantly, and wouldn't let me have it by myself.

I said that nothing but split heads and jail would result if people tried to stretch Harvey's animal, jugular instinct. A bunch of the younger kids up in the front were demanding that we charge the pigs NOW, while we have the streets. I said unless people were armed with something other than rocks and coke bottles, this was not the time to charge hundreds of riot-trained, riot-equipped pigs.

I said that we should, en masse, go down from the Diag rally scheduled for Wednesday noon to city hall and demand that the city administration let the people erect barricades blocking off South U. from traffic and leaving it to the people. Judging from their approach, based on rightful fear of the power of the people, in letting us have the parks on Sunday and their whole attitude, I said I thought we could get our demands. And that if we didn't, there was no reason why we couldn't resort to taking the streets, employing a strategy.

One of my flamboyant acquaintances from Trans-Love, the one of the few from Trans-Love I saw that night, started hollering that I was a pig for saying that and that anything I said was in support of the pigs. Fuck it. And on that note I gave goddam Olsen his mike back.

Fuck

Belleville High School had been ordered by a federal judge to reinstate David Vought, who had been suspended from school because he had a copy of the Argus in his possession. The judge said that the school's argument was preposterous on its face.

Judge Thornton held that the school principal had acted inconsistently and was inherently unfair in demanding that students not possess the *Argus* in school. Defense attorney Lawrance Sperlying cross-examined the school principal and got him to admit that he objected to the *Argus* because it contained a certain four letter word [book?]. Sperlying then pointed out that the word was contained in *Catcher in the Rye*, which was on the school's optional reading list, and an issue of *Harper's Magazine*, which was in the school library.

The school had justified its actions on the grounds that a qarning had been given to students, but the judge said that the warning was so vague that he did not know how it could apply to the Argus.

Although the judge did not specifically rule on the question of obscenity, his opinion makes clear that the use of a four letter word is not enough to bar a publication from high school. So be sure to take a four letter word to school.

ZAPPA

From P. 13

ARGUS: What kind of records do you listen to at home? Do you have a collection of Goldie Oldies?

Zappa: Yes, I have about 7500 45's. They're the same records I had when I was in high school.

ARGUS: How long did it take to do Ruben and the Jets?

Zappa: Ruben and the Jets was made simultaneously with *Uncle Meat.* It took from October to February.

ARGUS: What do you think will happen to the United States in the next twenty years?

Zappa: I think that the fate of the United States in the next twenty years is in the hands of the kids. Well, it all depends on whether you want to talk about revolution. You also can't expect to do it over night, you know. I think its just a question of tidying up this place. Don't call it revolution if you just want to straighten things up. Some minds can be changed; it all depends on what the next crop of lawyers, policemen and soldiers and all the rest of the shit think.

ARGUS: That could take thirty years. But like the next crop is waiting in line for the old farts to die so they can take over their jobs.

Zappa: It's a lot easier than that. First of all the old farts know who they have to appeal to. They believe in money. That's their god. They know that the market that they have to reach is the kids. They see where a young person is doing the kind of a job that they have been doing and the young kid might be able to do a better job. So they let him do it. Some of those minds can even be changed to be oriented to something a little more important than gaining success.

ARGUS: I don't see any of that happening though.

Zappa: You don't? Well, it is in the record industry.

ARGUS: But this is not a microcosm of our society.

Zappa: Well, it has to start some place. It's important in the area of communication. It's almost taken the place of books for some people. You remember the pen is mightier than the sword, well, then, where is the record?

ARGUS: How about the tube?

Zappa: Well, the tube is an unfortunate situation. The establishment won't let go of that very easily, but it can be done. That's the most insidious thing that's ever been perpetrated on civilization.

ARGUS: You have an interesting experience on a show with Johnny Otis from the USA Band.

Zappa: Yeah, they censored out a word. They don't do that in Europe, by the way.

ARGUS: Why is everybody afraid of you?

Zappa: Maybe I'm weird.

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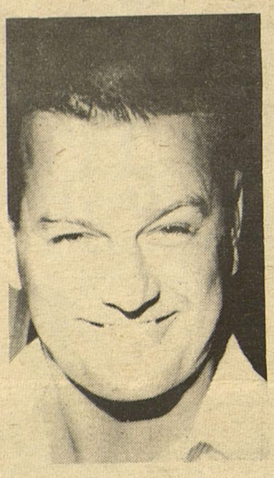
Would You Trust Your Daughter Late at Nite With Sheriff Harvey?



"We're very close to a solution of these murders. This is the hottest case we've had in years. Before this is over it'll make a good story." —Doug Harvey, Ann Arbor News, after the fifth murder.

by Ken Kelley

It seems the only way the Ann Arbor Assassin is going to be taken off the streets is if he notifies the Sheriff's office at least two hours beforehand as to the exact time, place and location of his next murder. Then perhaps, with a coordinated effort between Sheriff Harvey, the state police, and Chief Walter Krasny's bunglers, and assuming they can spare the manpower and time involved in harrassing freeks for existing and in giving parking and speeding tickets, PERHAPS they can reach the scene in time to prevent a seventh murder.

In the unlikely event of this happening, the women of Washtenaw County are going to have to face the continual terror of walking on the street at night.

But the police *have* been investigating. Or rather, they've seized upon every opportunity to question people about their drug and political habits, with the convenient ruse of the six murders as the basis for their visit. On at least one occasion, a person being questioned about the murders was asked three questions relating to his use of drugs, or knowledge of his friends' use, before the investigators bothered coming to the murders.

Knowledge of this, with the flourishing drug community in Ann Arbor, is hardly an impetus to anyone to go to the police with information on the murders. In connection with the death of the latest victim, Alice Kalom, a guy who was at the party at the Depot House, where Miss Kalom was just prior to her death, refused to reveal anything to police investigators. But in fact if he DID know anything, the police are the last people he'd tell due to the harrassment and humiliation he has received from them in routine matters. People simply know that in a society where possession of marijuana is more of a crime than murder, the first concern of a policeman is going to be given to the crime having the greater seriousness. Besides, there's very little effort usually that has to be made to make a dope bust—but murders! That requires investigation, and facts, and ah, well, PROVING things.

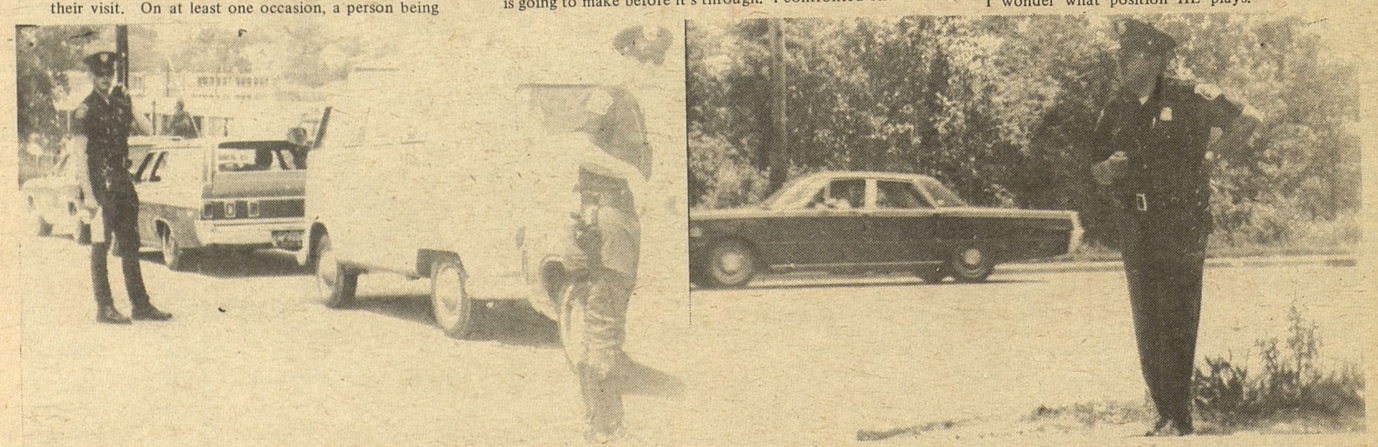
The incompetence and disconcern the police are showing comes out in many ways. People with information to give are given the bureaucratic runaround, treated like criminals, and told that a detective will "contact you later" if their information is considered of any relevance. So that what emerges is that people who might have information are afraid to reveal it [the rumors about people actually being busted for dope as a result of investigation serve to heighten this fear], and those that DO have information are ignored and slighted.

And the fantastic "competition" among the three law enforcement bureaus for ways to solve murders makes one think what's at stake as far as the police are concerned is a wager in the Kentucky Derby rather than innocent young girls. Harvey, with all his vulgar insanity, is by far the worst. He issues incredible statements to the press, or used to, about how he's fast approaching a solution and what a hot story this is going to make before it's through. I confronted one Ann Arbor policeman with some of Harvey's quotes, and he had nothing but scorn for Washtenaw County's chief law enforcement officer. "He's a fucking politician—hell, he don't care, all he wants are headlines." Many would go a bit further in their judgements.

Of course everyone knows that policemen are very busy people, so perhaps they may be excused if they don't have the manpower or time to solve this crime. I was thinking about this very point last Thursday, as I was heading out Washtenaw leading to the I-94 Expressway, when one of those very people waved me down from the side of the road and pointed to a policeman down the road, who then waved me into a parking lot where about five others were ahead of me. It seems I was going 37 miles per hour in a 35 mile per hour zone. After a couple minutes, I was the fifth car in a regular procession of law violators, caught unawares. The cops were insultingly polite in their little speedtrap circus game.

Anyway, it's certainly heartening to hear that Prosecutor William Delhey is now being appointed chief coordinator for the whole murder investigation effort and that, two weeks after her death, the police are THINKING about hiring a criminologist to look into the matter. At least Harvey's starting to shut up a little more about how hot on the trail he is, and he realizes that unless he can come up with a solution, many people, whatever the ideology, are going to be very pissed. A recall campaign being organized, if successful, could actually defeat him in the outlying regions of the county if the right-wingers in Manchester and Saline are convinced that the only way to solve these murders is to elect a new man. And he seems to be getting less and less involved in the whole issue, hoping to divert attention to less embarrassing areas, and things more in his line of work like clubbing 16-year-old kids [see p. 3]. After the last murder, the Detroit Free Press reporter noted that Harvey held a 15-minute press conference, then had to adjourn it to go watch his son play in a little league ballgame.

I wonder what position HE plays.



Seven policemen were employed last week at this speed trap on Washtenaw just before the entrance to I-94 expressway. Meanwhile the murderer goes free. Photos by Magdalene Sinclair.

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